

# THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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### STRAND BRANCH—

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## WHAT DO YOU SAY IT IS?

WHAT do you say it is that tires and exhausts us most? Hard work? Oh, no. When a man, or woman either, is well fed and healthy, hard work is a good thing. The day's tug being over, you eat your supper—sauced with appetite—and by-and-bye go to bed and sleep like a top till morning. What's better than that? Why, nothing this side of heaven.

I (the writer) have a cast-iron habit in this matter. I turn in at exactly eleven and out at exactly seven. Never wake between those hours except when there is a barking dog somewhere near. Then I look to that dog and his owner next day. I say a man who can sleep that way has drawn the first prize in Life's lottery. Oh, no; work doesn't exhaust anybody save for his good. It about half empties his jug for one day, and then Nature holds him under the spout (sound asleep) and fills him up again.

But, oh, the pity of a thing like *this*! Any of you who feel the Angel's fingers touch your eyelids every night for eight hours of blessed blindness, fancy, if you can, the case of a woman who says, "*I often awoke at night in great dread and fear, with perspiration running from me in streams.*"

Such a condition is awful—terrible. Mere pain were a thousand times preferable to it. And that, understand, without any noise to wake and frighten her. One such night is more wearing than a week of hard work. "*Wearing*," do I say? It is *killing*—that's what it is. What caused it? Let us pick up the facts one after another, and perhaps we may find out.

She says: "My hands, arms and legs had become numb and stiff, and I lost the proper use of them. As I walked I was not sure of my footsteps; I had a feeling as if I should fall down. I was much swollen around the body, and troubled with flatulency. At times I was taken with faintness, and a *strange feeling came over me as if I were about to die*. I got fearfully low and nervous, and was *afraid to be left alone*. For days and days I never touched any kind of food, and for twelve months ate scarcely anything."

Now all this is sad and bad as can be, and our hearts are sore for the poor lady; yet, so far, we don't seem to get hold of the

outside end of the thread. Suppose we look for it among the first sentences of her letter. "In the early part of March, 1890," she says, "I appeared suddenly to fall into a low, depressed condition, everything being a toil and a trouble to me. My appetite failed, my mouth tasted badly, my tongue was coated, and the least morsel of food gave me pain and tightness across the chest and around the sides, so I could not bear the weight and pressure of my corset. My skin was sallow, eyes tinged with yellow, and there was a dull pain at my right side. I was constantly sick, and a sour sort of fluid came up and nearly choked me. *As for food, I could not bear the sight of it; it made me sick to look at it.*"

The case is plain enough now. She was seized with acute indigestion, which, in a few months, developed into chronic inflammatory dyspepsia. All her early ailments were symptoms of this common yet deceptive disease. Always the same deadly thing, it wears more disguises than a hired murderer. She saw a doctor, of course, who did what he could; but his medicines were like candles in a London fog—without effect. It was simply a wonder that she lived until the date which she names now.

"I got so weak and low," she says—and who can doubt it?—"that I thought I never should recover, when, one day in July, 1891, we received a book telling of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. My husband read the book and persuaded me to try this medicine. He got me a bottle from Mr. J. H. Shaw, Chemist, 120, Newtownards Road. A few doses relieved me. I kept on with it and soon relished and digested food. Thus encouraged, I continued with the Syrup, and am now well and strong. I can eat anything, and work with pleasure. Mother Seigel saved my life, and you can publish the fact if you wish to. I will gladly answer inquiries. (Signed) Mrs. M. McGregor, 10, Greenville Avenue, Bloomfield, Belfast, January 18th, 1893."

We are glad of this result, and congratulate Mrs. McGregor. We are sure that her once-shattered nerves—poisoned and starved by indigestion and dyspepsia—will now permit her to sleep in peace.

But how many other suffering women await the help of Mother Seigel? Alas! thousands. We hope some of them may see and read this. Happy for them if they do!

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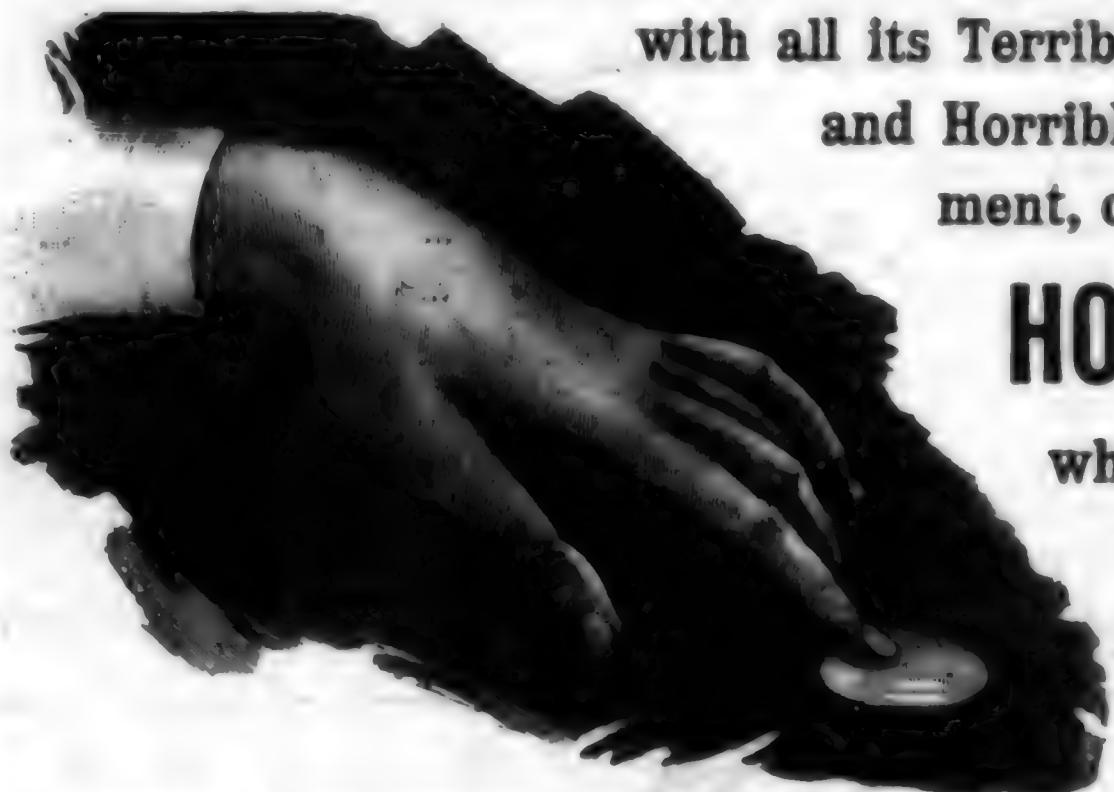
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THE SPOT  
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THE RADLEY CREWS PRACTISING ON THE THAMES AT NUNEHAM.

# *Young England at School.*

*RADLEY COLLEGE.*



THE OLD GATE OF RADLEY HALL.

**S**T. PETER'S COLLEGE, Radley, is not one of our oldest public school institutions, seeing that two more summers have to come and go before it can celebrate its jubilee; but it certainly ranks high in the scholastic world, and well worthy the position it occupies, almost under the shadow of the University of Oxford. The visitor to Radley is almost immediately impressed with the rural position of such a fine school. True, the college can boast of a station, on the Great Western Railway Company's main line, but I doubt if even that enterprising Company would make a halt there if they had not found Radley the most convenient point for a junction to Abingdon, an ancient town about two and a half miles away.

Oxford is about four and a half miles distant from Radley, but if you can manage to get one of the Great Western Railway

expresses to the former station, and return by the next stopping train to London, alighting at Radley, you may take it from me, that is the quickest and best route.

Upon reaching Radley Station, it is absolutely necessary that the stranger bound for the college should ask his way, and naturally we turn for

guidance to the venerable and chatty station-master, who is brimful of interesting anecdotes of his favourite locality, and is familiar with many who, once schoolboys at Radley, now return, with fame and laurels, to bring their sons to their old and cherished haunts.

The old railway official will at once direct your attention to the tower of an ancient church, nestled in the midst of a clump of trees, with instruction to keep to the road past the church, then to the right, and the first on your left leads you straight to the college.



RADLEY HALL.

These were the directions given to our artist and myself, which we found easy enough to follow. The short journey was soon accomplished, although we found it necessary to make a pause at Old Radley Church on our way. Here a little group of four buildings is particularly interesting, forming, as it does, one of those relics that bring before us realistic pictures of an ancient past.

On the left is the old church, mellowed by age, and protected, as it were, by creepers and fine specimens of British timber. Adjoining the church wall, as though part and parcel of the sacred edifice, is the village smithy, over which the branches of trees in the churchyard fall in apparent embrace.

What a frontispiece for that favourite song, "The Village Blacksmith," the words of which echoed in my ears at each sound from the anvil.

Opposite the old church, on the right, is a good old farmyard, adjoining which is a pretty little thatched cottage, spotlessly clean, in front of which, peeping above the fruit and rose trees, is a sign board which denotes the Radley Branch of the General Post Office.

I can hardly say whether curiosity or necessity compelled us to enter the post

office; but there we found ourselves, writing out a telegraphic message in a room in which one could hardly stand upright.

Had we only required a postage stamp, it is more than likely that the postmaster's wife would have supplied our demand. But a telegram! that required the postmaster himself, and a bell was set ringing to summon his attendance. To our surprise none other than the blacksmith himself came strolling along, with leather apron and upfolded sleeves, fresh from doctoring a "cast shoe," or shoeing some neighbouring farmer's horse, to despatch our message home through the medium of St. Martin's le Grand.

His face and stature truly denoted his calling—that of an honest village smith—and for the moment he appeared quite out of place in his Government capacity. Sitting down, however, at the instrument placed in his mite of a parlour, his "brawny arms" were soon outstretched and his stout fingers manipulating slowly but surely the keys around the dial in accordance with our scribbled message before him.

If there was no great alacrity, there was certainly precision, for a turn or two of the indicator told him that he had trans-



THE STAIRCASE, RADLEY HALL.

mitted our message correctly on its way. Whereupon he rose, with "Thank you, sir. That's all right."

My readers may, perhaps, imagine that our stay with the blacksmith in his post-office home was of some considerable duration, judging from my lengthy description; but if only I could have stayed fifteen minutes in company with the smith and the clerk of that old church, I feel certain my college article would have concluded in our next number.

There is nothing pretentious about the entrance to Radley College, which may fairly be said to be situated in the main road from Abingdon to Oxford. No great gates bar

ourselves on the point by making enquiries at the lodge. On the left of the walk up to the college is an old farm, which evidently is capable of supplying plenty of fresh eggs, etc., to the college.

We marched on and on, without catching sight even of a chimney-pot, towards a wicket gate by a great clump of trees,



EXTERIOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL-ROOM.

your entrance, nor is there a grand avenue to the principal building; for, true enough, if you had not followed the station-master's direction closely, it would be a case of "Where am I?" There is a gate, but an ordinary gate, and a pretty lodge of modern build and pretty design that would suggest possibly the entrance to a gentleman's private house.

As the day was wearing on, we had no time to cudgel our brains, or engage in speculation; so we quickly assured

## RADLEY COLLEGE.

and presently, after passing this, we could hear, in sweet harmony with the birds in the trees over our heads, the murmur of the voices of youth that told us we were at Radley.

As we emerged out of the wood, the fives courts first attracted our attention. These may be considered a feature, inasmuch as they differ from anything I have seen in this respect, as will be seen from our illustration ; the four courts being placed around the clock tower in close proximity to a very excellent gymnasium, a large building also utilised, owing to its vast dimensions, for concerts and such festivals as "Gaudy Day" or Speech Day. The "tuck shop" is also close handy here, and is quite a unique little structure.



THE OLD SCHOOL.

Another little gate passed revealed at last some of the school buildings, the old school-room and the prefects' room ; after passing which, we entered a long corridor, or cloister, over which are the dormitories.



THE DINING ROOM, OLD RADLEY HALL.

Passing along the cloister, we peep in at the chapel before we turn to the right for the Manor House, now the centre of Radley College.

Mr. Thomas said immediately "You had better leave me for at least an hour here, which I did, and turned myself in search of the Warden, the Rev. H. L. Thompson, M.A.

If I were to say Radley College held a position second to none in England, as regards its beautiful situation, I am sure many who know the school would agree with me; but really all the schools so differ one from another that it would be impossible to classify them in this respect. The main building, as will be seen from our illustration, suggests at once what it is—an old manor, of substantial build.

The college, as I have already mentioned, cannot boast of ancient lineage; but the old red-brick mansion, which has the reputation of being the best-built house in the county of Berkshire, is full of history, it having at one time been a manor of the abbey of Abingdon, from which it was purchased by George Stonehouse, Clerk of the Board of Green Cloth to Queen Elizabeth.

This magnificent, square-built house is now occupied by the warden of the college; and some of the assistant-masters are also able to find quarters therein.

The entrance hall is exceptionally noble, and contains a fine collection of antique presses—excellent specimens of old English cabinet work.

The greater portion of the ground floor is taken up by the dining-hall and the masters' common room. The former, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, being particularly interesting. Here three noble rooms are thrown into one, where the collegians dine.

The rooms are furnished with ancient furniture, of the most substantial type; while around the rooms are carvings, in the oaken panels, of exquisite design.

The warden occupies the greater portion of the first floor, whither I was conducted by one of the prefects up a grand, open staircase, to the library door, where I found the Head of Radley College. Mr. Thompson welcomed us to Radley, and,

relinquishing his studies, personally conducted us over part of the college and his own apartments.

The next gentleman with whom we made acquaintance was the Rev. George Wharton, M.A., one of the masters, who also officiates at the organ.

Mr. Wharton was apparently deeply interested in our visit, and spared no time to take us over the whole of the college and its precincts.

First and foremost we must go and see his "baby," which name he had given the organ in the chapel. It certainly is a beautiful instrument, with five manuals and a choice selection of stops.

Mr. Wharton, after giving us an idea of the qualities of his favourite instrument, conducted us over the chapel, which is conspicuous for its beautiful carvings



THE REV. H. L. THOMPSON, M.A. THE WARDEN.

and the excellent and valuable reredos.

Old Radleans, no doubt, are fond of the old chapel, where many a time they have taken part in those choral services for which Radley is noted. This ancient edifice will have closed its doors by the end of this year, and probably by the time this journal reaches my readers, for by its side a fine new chapel is being erected, which will provide extra accommodation, a want now badly felt on account of the increasing number of boys seeking admission. Mr. Wharton also expects that the larger building will afford his organ the great advantage of improvement in quality of tone.

The library, separate class-rooms and dormitories are very similar to the majority of schools, the latter in many respects resembling Haileybury; but they certainly have an advantage in size and height, each one being capable of accommodating fifty boys, with his own little cubicle, which is, to all intents and purposes, a little separate room.

There is only one boarding-house, separate from the school, a recent addi-

THE EXTERIOR OF THE CLOISTERS.

tion, under the care of the Rev. T. D. Raikes, M.A., and capable of providing for thirty boys.

Perhaps one of the greatest features of the college is the compactness of its buildings, which permits of every boy living within one hundred yards from the centre of the college.

The design of Radley College is to give a thorough public school education to boys of the upper classes, on the principles of the Church of England. The course of instruction includes the usual branches of

a public school education, with the addition, without extra charge, of French, German, Science, Vocal Music, Geometrical and Freehand Drawing, and Water Colours.

Swimming lessons are given regularly during the summer by a competent teacher, without extra charge to the boys; and



THE CLOISTERS, EXTERIOR.—GOING TO DINNER.



boys are required to "pass," by swimming a considerable distance, before they are allowed to enter the boats. Boys are admitted between the ages of twelve and fifteen, and are prepared for the Universities and the competitive examinations for the Army, Civil Service, mercantile pursuits, etc.

Every boy is assigned to the special charge of one of the masters (called his tutor), who carefully watches his progress and, from time to time, reports thereon, so long as he remains at the school.

There are several valuable junior scholarships



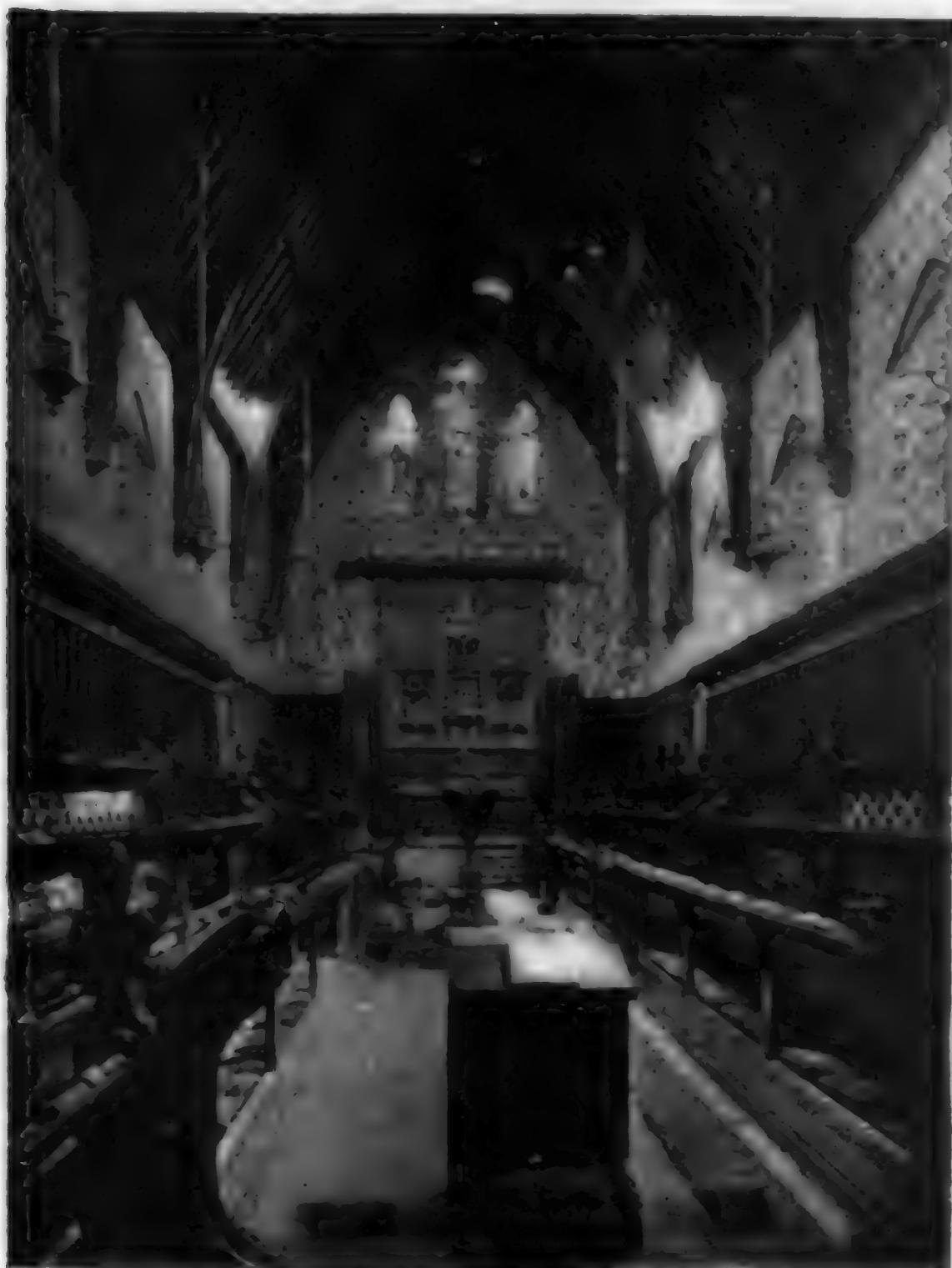
THE OLD HOUSE IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS

open for competition and tenable at the school—one founded to the memory of the late Dr. W. Sewell, value £55, tenable for four years; one founded by Lord Northbourne for boys under eighteen, value £30; two others founded to the memory of the late Rev. William Beadon Heathcote, formerly Warden, for £20 each, etc.

Radley College is gradually building up a long list of distinguished names who owe their early training to that foundation. In the scholastic world one of the most famous old Radley boys is the Rev. W. M. Furneaux, now Head master of Repton.

In the Church Radley is well represented, and in the Army quite a number of her sons are proving themselves excellent soldiers and gaining high position therein.

The first Warden of Radley College was the Rev. Robert C. Singleton, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin, who was suc-



THE OLD CHAPEL.

ceeded by the Rev. W. Beadon Heathcote, M.A., in 1851, having only served four years. In the following year, 1852, the Rev. William Sewell, D.D., succeeded Mr. Heathcote and stayed at Radley nine years, when the Rev. Richard Whitmore Norman was appointed. The Rev. William Wood, M.A., followed in 1866, and in 1870 the Rev. Charles Martin, M.A., took up the reins, which he held for nine years, and was succeeded in 1879 by the Rev. Robert James Wilson, M.A., Warden previous to the present "Head," the Rev. H. L. Thompson, M.A., late Student and Censor of Christ Church, Oxford.

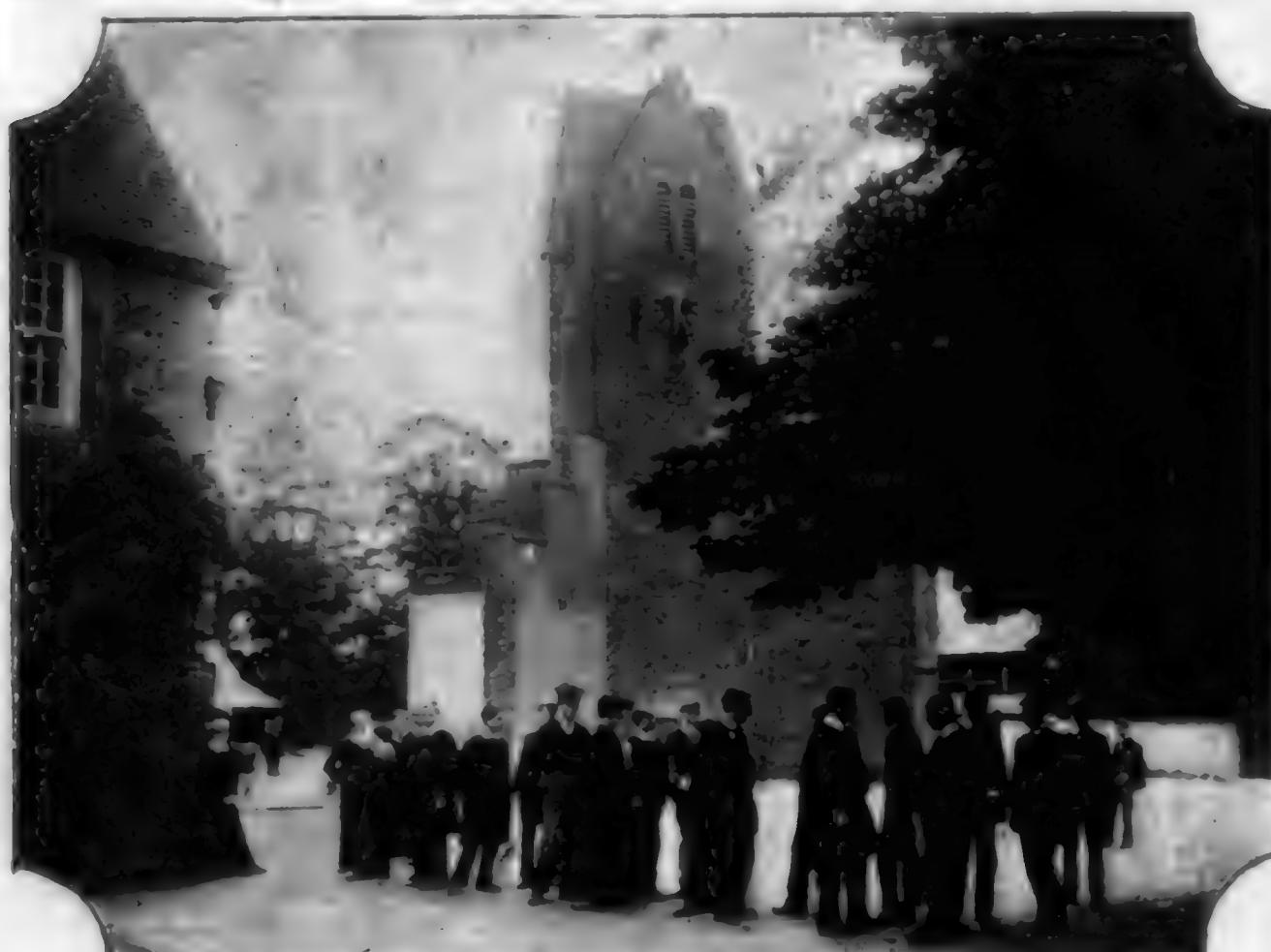
The playing-fields at Radley are adjoining the College, and quite equal to the

part in the same fixture, are invariably found too strong for their up-river rivals and generally secure the trophy. In 1893, however, Radley managed to take part in the final heat — no mean performance, considering the number of oarsmen some of the colleges contesting have to pick from to make up their crew.

Nuneham, however, where the Radleans practise and hold their races, is probably one of the prettiest spots on the upper reaches of our beautiful Thames. Before we finished our work at the College we were driven over to the river in the college conveyance — a pretty drive through corn fields and farm pasture land, turning off the main road at the other side of the railway from the college.

What a lovely little bit of scenery opened out before us immediately we reached the banks of the river, may be judged from our frontispiece, although that is devoid of the colour, with its numerous shades, that make the spot so enchanting.

The young oarsmen were that day practising for the Regatta, and a trial was to take place against a scratch



THE FIVES COURT AND GYMNASIUM.

great demand upon them. Plenty of space is apportioned to cricket, a game at which Radleans excel and prove formidable rivals to some of the College elevens at Oxford.

Football is the winter game, of course, and the college team each year is invariably found to play an interesting game with its numerous contestants.

Favoured by having the River Thames within easy reach, it is only natural we should expect to hear something of Radley in the aquatic world. At the great Henley Carnival Radley is always represented by its eight in the competition for the Ladies' Plate.

Unfortunately the Etonians, who take

eight. This we waited for, and our artist selected a point of vantage where he might catch the crews as they passed up the river.

Returning to the College, we walked over the extensive grounds forming part of the estate.

Some of the grandest specimens of our British oak are to be seen in the grounds. Their gigantic branches spread over a piece of water which affords some good fishing.

The old mansion is surrounded with terraces, much appreciated by masters and boys as a promenade, while here and there a beautifully kept green is to be found, devoted either to tennis or bowls,

the latter a favourite recreation with some of the masters.

The boys at Radley are certainly not surrounded by town life, a fact that we soon realised after our first day's work when in search of some place to pass the night. There is no Radley Hotel, with glaring sign-board, or 'bus to meet the trains, for a small inn close to the station appears to meet all the demands of the place. Unfortunately for us, however, this inn was wholly taken up by the contractor's men engaged in erecting the new chapel, and we consequently found it a very difficult task to obtain quarters for the night.

During the day we were hospitably entertained at the college, but at night it was necessary for us to turn out, owing to the strain existing upon the sleeping capacity of the college.

After trying most of the cottages in the vicinity of the college without success, we talked of the probability of having



RADLEY SANATORIUM.

to sleep under some farmer's hayrick, or take a journey by train to Abingdon, which we hardly relished.

Eventually, as hope was dwindling into despair, we were told of an old college hand, who had years ago done good service in the kitchen, and was now living about a mile away, who might put us up.

It was truly a novel experience for us to sleep in such a mite of a cottage; the whole place was charmingly sweet and clean; and the old couple, as we entered, sitting before the old-fashioned open fire-place, presented a living picture of "Darby and Joan," or love in a cottage. The old pair, however, made us wonderfully comfortable, and "Darby," still on the college staff as a gardener, having seen us at work at the college, appeared quite delighted to assume the responsibilities of host, and, taking down his well-seasoned clay, he pulled at the weed and called upon "Joan" to draw a jug of beer from the cask, which we were told was always kept in the cottage to avoid the necessity of frequent visits to the village "pub."

We spent a very happy evening and slept well, although my friend was much amused in the early hours of the morning, when he was awakened by the old couple walking on tip-toe through our room, the only means of their attaining the ground floor.



THE TERRACE AND GROUNDS, RADLEY.



THE SCHOOL TUCK SHOP.

Reviewing my visit to Radley, I shall look back upon it with pleasure for many years to come, as an instructive and interesting holiday; and I can only add that boys who are fortunate in being educated there can boast of a great public school education, and one that only their own negligence could bar from gaining prominence in our England of the future.

W. CHARLES SARGENT.

Our Illustrations are from a splendid set of Photographs specially taken for the LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, E.C., from whom Prints from the original negatives can be obtained.

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## *TALES OF THE SERVICE.*

*By WALTER WOOD.*

**T**HE only true account of what befell one night at Fort Gwalohree, when Private Terriss laid a cricket stump aslant a native's shins, and six Martinis almost went astray, is followed by the still more faithful version of the way in which he went a journey by balloon.

The General of the district pinned his faith to war balloons and armour-plated trains. Perhaps he did so because he was an Engineer, and engineering is a pleasant calling, especially when public funds are available for testing theories. He was a man of large ideas, and saw the majesty of things when baser minds discovered only hobbies. His latestfad was war balloons and cycle-signallers. This he worked by sending up a captive vessel from the barrack-square, which was the base of his operations. The

cyclist rode five miles out, reconnoitring, and signalled to the man in the air, who signalled to the troops below. This method, said the General, saved priceless time, for it did away with the need for the rider's return to make his statement verbally. It also ran up large bills for gas and silk, but on this point he kept a rigid silence.

One day the balloon had been hauled down, and the General had inspected it, as he always did when operations ceased. He was leaving barracks, and happened to notice that the sentry, who was presenting arms, was looking, not smartly to his front, but staring open-mouthed in the air, over the parade.

The sentry who fails in that which is expected of him when the head of the district passes is in bad case. The General was making mental note of this

neglect of duty, when he, too, cast eyes towards the spot at which the soldier gazed.

He saw his pet balloon rising with silent stateliness, and a figure leaning over the side of the car. It was Corporal Terriss, who was shouting with uncanny joy, "I'll not be back to-night, for, in the providence uv God, I'm turned to a navigathor uv the skies."

The General for a moment stared stonily, and heeded not the inattentive sentry. Then he suddenly walked towards the centre of the parade, and the movement startled the sentry into activity. He swiftly resumed his beat until the officer's back was turned to him, after which he whistled softly for the guard.

"Nice thing, isn't it?" he asked; "Cor'ral Terriss is sloping by balloon."

"Why, what foolery is this?" gasped the sergeant of the guard.

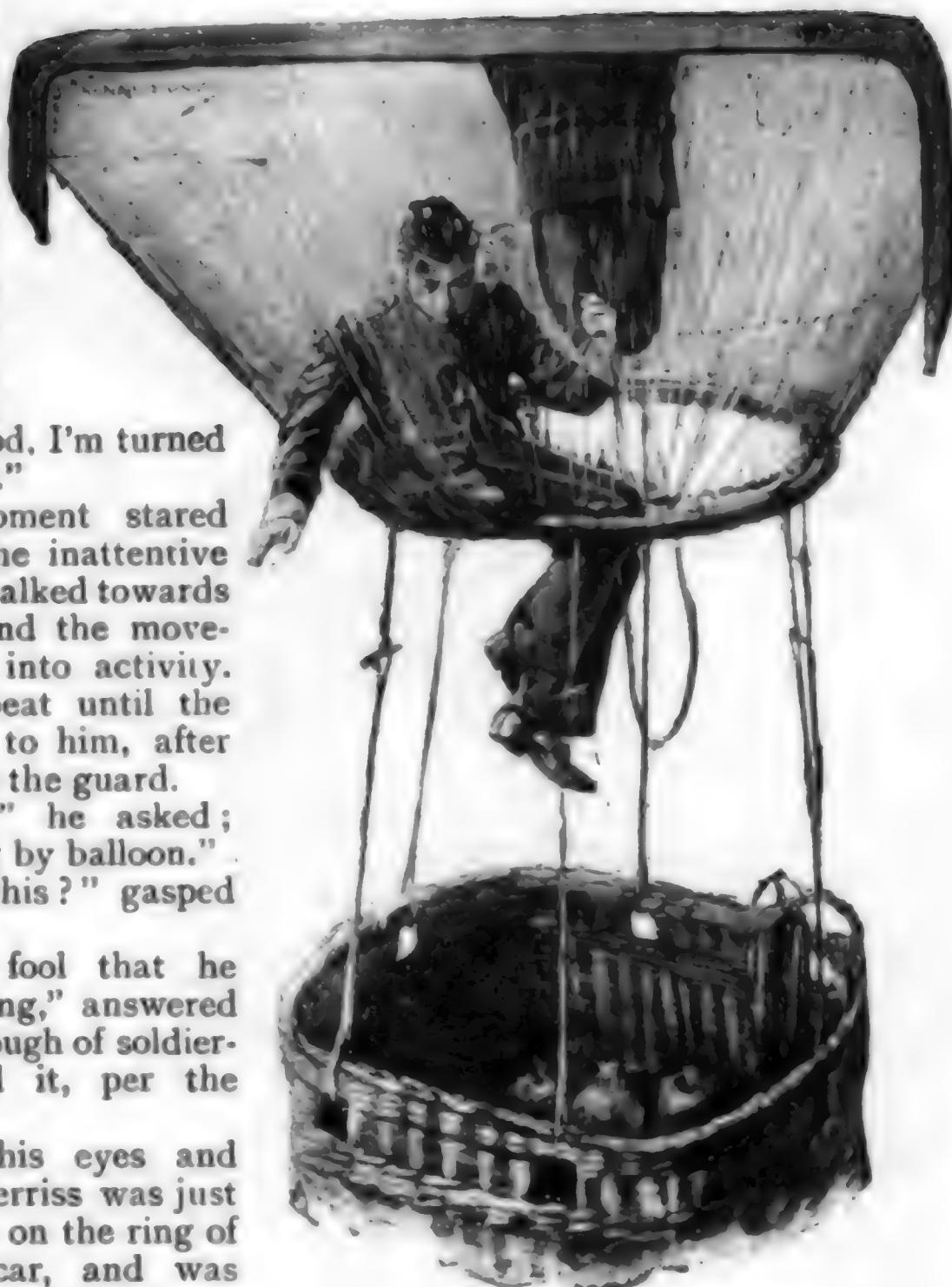
"Terriss isn't such a fool that he doesn't know what he's doing," answered the sentry. "He's had enough of soldiering, and so he's hooked it, per the clouds."

The sergeant rubbed his eyes and looked again. Corporal Terriss was just discernible. He was now on the ring of the balloon above the car, and was waving one arm gracefully, while with the other he was clinging to the ropes. "I'd rather be meself than Terriss this night, at any rate," said the sergeant of the guard. "Gosh, he'll go before the gen'ral for this."

"I'd rather be up in a balloon than doing sentry on a hot night like this," grumbled the sentry. "It's rough on me."

"Someb'dy's got to suffer," said the sergeant soothingly. "Look at it that way, and it won't seem so long till you're relieved."

By this time the General had reached the spot from which the balloon had risen and was trying, with a puzzled air, to find an explanation of the strange proceeding of the corporal. The rope by which the balloon had been held was lying in disorder, as if it had been hurriedly unloosed and cast upon the ground. Some bags of ballast also lay together in a heap. The General saw that they had been dropped from the car. "Ah, I see," he said; "I see it all. The



WAVING ONE ARM.

man stepped into the car and unloosed the rope. Then the bags were dropped to allow the balloon to rise more rapidly. The audacious villain! And knows nothing of the art of aerial navigation. He'll be dashed to pulp, and my balloon will be a total wreck."

"Sir," said the Adjutant of the depot breathlessly, stepping up to the General; "may I ask if this has been done with your permission?"

"If *what* has been done?" demanded the General wrathfully.

"This ballooning," explained the Adjutant.

"This devilment, you mean," replied the General. "Do you think I could be guilty of such folly as letting a common soldier sail away in my balloon—a man who doesn't know the difference between coal gas and laughing gas? You are the man to give an explanation of this—the

windows of the orderly room look straight across the parade."

"I saw you leaving barracks, sir," returned the Adjutant, "and noticed the corporal stop at the balloon and get into the car."

"Just as I surmised," exclaimed the General.

"Then the bags were thrown out —"

"Precisely as I said —"

"And the balloon began to rise," continued the Adjutant. "I thought till then that the man was carrying out an order given by you—to clear the car or something."

"I gave no order," snapped the General. "You say you saw the ballast dropped?"

"I did, sir," answered the Adjutant. "Then I hurried out to get to know the meaning of it all."

"The meaning is clear to the most average intellect," said the General. "The fellow"—he looked at the now rapidly vanishing sphere—"has entered the balloon for the purpose of desertion. He will alight when and where he can, and either

sell the silk as rags, or burn it; and he will dispose of his uniform. It is a deeply-laid scheme—I know it all, sir. I am not to be deceived by any cock and bull tale he may choose to tell when he returns, if God spares him to reach the earth alive. Let a telegram be sent to every likely spot within fifty miles in the direction in which the wind is blowing, so that when he comes down he may be arrested, if alive, and what is left of him collected, if he is not."

"It shall be done at once, sir," said the Adjutant, and he returned to the orderly room.

The General gave a lingering glance at the tiny object in the air, then turned abruptly, muttering, and hastened to his home.

What happened after that has been told to me by Terriss.

"I've read that in the days uv John Coompany Bahadur," he began, "whin yoong gentlemen frum England landed in Injia they wer' towld they'd three ways uv gettin' to ther stations. They could either walk it, dawk it, or go in a budgero—manein'," he explained, taking compassion on my ignorance, "you could either go by foot, by mail, or by river. Av ut ud bin wid me to choose ut would have bin by foot, for that would have landed me at the ind uv the journey latest uv all.

"The man who says that Goover'munt to-day don't look afther the travlin' needs an' wants uv a privut sowljer in the British Isles, says that which isn't near the truth; for can't the various grades uv troops, down to Militia, an' frum them to Volunteers, thravel upon the railway upon rejooced terms? An' don't the Regulations provide fur an' admit uv changin' stations by balloon? God bless the men that manage things in Loondon—uv they'd spend their time in lookin' to the real wants uv men an' boys, instid uv makin' reggulations fur balloons which don't cause anything boot divvle-



"COOM OUT WID YER, CORPRUL TERRISS."

munt an' sorrow, so mooch the betther ut would be fur corpruls uv the rank uv private."

Terriss looked for a moment at his stripeless sleeve, and went on: "The gospel truth uv that unholy business is as I'm narratin' ut, an' them that tell you diff'runt frum the Gin'r'ldown, spake false. 'Twas the Owld Divvle himself first put the idea into the head uv the Gin'r'la to have a captive war-balloon, an' thin put me in mind uv sailin' through the air in ut. Fur me to see the fat owld bag uv silk, swayin' voluptuous like, an' sighin' soft an' loovelv in the gintleness uv a soomer asthernoon, was like to puttun match to powdher. I've a big imajunation, an' as I gazed frum the open window uv the readin' room, smokin', wid me elbows on the ledge outside, I seemed to hear the silk a-murmurin', 'Coom out wid yer, Corprul Terriss, an' let me bear yer softly to the clouds.' An' thin I'd think how blissful ut would be to sit widin the car an' feel meself a-risin' like the smoke uv a pipe. Ah, me, 'twould seem a journey made on angels' wings."

Terriss put his finger into the bowl of his pipe, and pressed down the tobacco. "I see ut all agen," he said, "the asthernoon as silent as the grave; the grass outside a-bowin' gintly to the whisperin' breeze, an' nivver a sowl in sight across the p'rade except the sentries on the main-guard an' the magazine. The birds wuz singin' fit to burst ther throats, an' ther wuz a little lark widin a cage at me elbow, perched outside the buildin', thrillin' away wid sooch soft melancholy that I couldn't find in me heart to let him stay in prison, an' so I opened the door uv his dwellin' an' out he flew wid a song uv joy. I had to settle afther wid a bla'guard uv a corprul whose bird ut was, an' who wouldn't take the same view uv liberty that I did. Widin the room ther wuz no one stirrin', fur the few men in ut wer' asleep, an' ther books wer' lyin' on the flure. 'Twas the soort uv time to make men woondher on the hellishness uv war, an' how ut is that creatures in the image uv ther God lay out themselves to coot an' shoot, an' hack an' slash at others as if ther wer' no women's hearts on earth to break, an' no sooch thing as sufferin'; a time whin man may woondher, too, how long he'll be before he gives up usin' things like magazine rifles an' toothpicks sooch as this."

Terriss drew his bayonet from its scab-

bard and ran a finger gently along the shining blade before returning it. "But puttun thoughts like that aside," he continued, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and taking, with a little nod, a pouch I offered; "'twas an asthernoon to make a sowljer yearn to get beyond the barruck an' the p'rade, an' go a journey to a ginter clime. The placid vessel sighed fur me, an' I wuz sighin' joost as mooch fur it. 'Twas the temptation of the Owld Un, placed deliberate in the way uv sinful man, an' I succoomed. I shook the ashes frum me pipe—fur well I knew the power uv gas—an' discindid to the p'rade.

"Before I wint down the stips, I cast a glance about to see that all the coast wuz clear, an' thin I saw the Gin'r'la uv the district walkin' to the main-guard on his way to Goover'munt House an' dinner. The Gin'r'la looved his balloon as he might have looved his childher—of which he'd siv'r'la, mostly in the East, 'twas said—an' he stopped to give a look at ut as he passed. Whin he'd got clear I hastened for'ard an' took me station on the off side uv the machine. Be kind enough to bear in mind that the balloon wuz all alone an' unattended, an' the very Gin'r'la himself wuz disappearin' at the gates. 'Tis a noble square, is that—ther's room to dhrill a whole brigade, an' still lave standin' space fur visitors—and by kapein' on the off side uv the war machine the Gin'r'la couldn't see me, even if he'd turned his head. As fur annyone else, that matthered nothing, fur they couldn't see what I wuz doin'.

"I wuz on the side that faced the open coontry, an' the car uv the balloon wuz between me an' the barrucks. Away in the distance I could see the adjutant uv the depôt in the orderly room—a mighty civil man, an' wan that carried all the rules an' regulations in his head, on top uv the Dhrill Book, as no one who hadn't seen him do ut could have believed wuz possible. He's the same officer that wuz known among us as the Walkin' Libr'y; just as the Gin'r'la wuz known, bein' uncommon long an' thin, as the Shadow uv Death. 'Tis a way ther is among the throops uv givin' fancy names.

"I leaned against the car uv the balloon, an' looked, reflective-like, at the foony little bags uv ballast in the bottom, an' the flags the signallers had used that asthernoon. 'Tis a strange business, this same signalling; an' how they do ut, with

ther little bits uv rags on sticks in the daytime, an' ther bul's-eye lamps at night, flashin' like imps in the eyesight uv a dhroonken man, passes me oondherstandin' altogether. But so ut is, like manny moore things that *we* can't fathom —sooch, fur instance, as why the Shadow should be the Gin'ral uv the district instid uv bein' Privut Terriss; or why you should be yourself an' not some other man. 'Tis a worrld full uv strange performances an' people.

"I looked widin the car, an' curious dreams began to fill me head. I thought uv sailin' in me glory like a lord, an' p'r'aps uv readin' in the papers uv the woondhrous doin's uv an army corprul. Thin I thought I might mek soom discov'ry in the clouds to mollify the Gin'ral at the end uv ut, an' mek us soort uv personal friends; fur what can bind men moore together than a mutual likin' fur purshoots uv science? An' all the while the fat balloon wuz heavin' softly, the silk wuz roostlin' an' the car wuz creakin' gintly; an' all the lot wuz singin' as a little chorus: 'Coome, let us go, dear Corprul Terriss, an' sooar above the common things uv earth.' 'Twas the voice uv Satan, as I've said, an' I yielded to the temptation an' wickudness uv ut.

"I sneaked into the car in sooch a way that if annyone had seen me they would think 'twas accidental, an' found meself sittin' on the bags uv sand. Thin I saw that the balloon would rise a yard or so by heavin' out a bag or two, an' would still be hild by the rope. So out I put two or three uv the heavy bags, and oh! —the glory an' the softness uv the motion oopwards. I'm not fur sayin' that I didn' fur a moment feel as if I wuz the wickudest corprul on the earth, an' doin' something to disgrace the army uv the Queen; but me hands wer' itchin' to be at the rope which hild us captive, an' at the ind I took ut up an' gintly loosed the knot that made us fast.

"The Divvle minds his own, an' befoore I knew ut, the balloon wuz risin' like a cloud o' shmoke, an' the air wuz whistlin' past the wicker basket as if singing: 'Ye've doone ut now, ye wickud Corprul Terriss, an' you've got to face the end uv it whether ye go a yard up or a mile. Throw out the bags an' up we'll go a sailin'.' So out the bags wer' sent, an' iv'ry time I let wan go ther' came a little jerk in the balloon that sent me heart into

me mouth, an' the ballast fell wid a queer thud on the ground.

"I've tasted most uv the joys uv earth, not barrin' that uv sin an' sightin' England frum a throoper, but nivver joy uv all was like the joy I felt whin lavein' the parade below me. Me sowl expanded till ut felt as big as the big silk ball above me, an' in the glory uv ut all I mounted on the ring an' shouted down the worrds which, maybe, ye've heard?"

I nodded assent.

"The Gin'ral an' the sintry wer' starin' oop at me as if ther eyes wer' burstin', an' soon I saw the Adjutant race out uv the ordherly-room an' join the Gin'ral at the spot frum which I'd risen. I saw 'em look oop at me an' make signs like windmills, thin I knew that Corprul Terriss, whin he got to earth agen, would be as low in rank as whin he took the oath to serve his Queen an' coontry, an' conthradcted fur the bob a diem which he nivver got.

"'Twas Satan's own dilemma I wuz in, an' so I set to worrk to make the best uv ut. I settled in the bottom uv the car an' fell to thinkin' on the woondhrous things uv nature. There wuz no one to say 'Corprul Terriss, do this,' or 'Corprul Terriss, do that.' I wuz me own commander-in-chief, an' there wuz no appeal beyond me. I sailed on the high seas uv the atmosphere, an' there wuz no man to say me nay.

"A bird coom up and sat on the rim uv the car, an' stared at me, impudent like, wid its little beady eyes. I didn't even make a grab, but spoke soft an' pleasant wid ut. It stayed an' blinked, and winked its wicked eyes as if it knew the pickle I wuz in, an' so at last I hished ut off, an' it flew away wid a screech that sounded mighty curious in the silence uv the air. It fluttered an' wheeled about fur sev'ral minutts, then ut sank below, an' I stood up in the car an' watched ut.

"An' as I looked I saw the beauties an' the glories uv God's fair earth as nivver man can see but frum the clouds. Ther' wuz little windin' lines uv silver, where the streams an' rivers ran, an' miles uv blue an' green an' all the colours uv the rainbow on the ground itself. Then big, dool clouds uv smoke hoong over where the towns were, an' spires an' fact'ry chimleys started from ut all like needles. Ther' wuz dots uv black things on the plains uv green, an' I knew 'em to

## BY BALLOON.

be horses an' cattle, feedin' or lyin' down, an' ther' wuz lesser dots on the white lines of streets, an' I knew that they wuz men like meself. I've seen the littleness uv man before—the man that's in the ranks sees mooch uv that—but nivver saw the smallness an' the contemptibleness uv him so mooch as I did thin. He wuz pos'tiv'ly the least an' tiniest speck uv all the things that walked. 'Tis a mighty worrl, afther all, whin one can see ut from the clouds."

Terriss relighted his pipe and went on. "I named the wurrd clouds. While I wuz watchin' and enjoyin' the distant things uv earth, I felt uz if some clammy sheets were thrown about me, an' a great dimness coom over me sight, wid a curious chokin' in me throat. When I'd got the better uv that, I looked below again, an' all the earth wuz blotted out compleately.

"I'd got abovee the clouds, but didn't know ut then, an' mighty scared I felt. Me breath, too, wuz comin' wid a shortness I didn't like, an' all at once the hillessness uv the situation stroock me wid an awful fource. I took me cap an' flung ut in the bottom uv the car, an' a minnut afther wrenched the kersey from me back an' choocked ut in the same place. An' thin, as I looked about an' felt that I was risin' still, I had a spell o' panic, for it stroock me that if I went mooch

higher, I should git outside the worrl altogether, an' that would ha' bin an awkward thing, fur what can army corpruls do outside ther' special sphere uv labour? The sweat bruck out in beads upon me forr'id, an', afther consignin' the Gin'ral an' his apparatus to the warmest spot I knew of, I set to work to git out uv this overpowerin' solitude an' mingle wid me fellow men once more. 'Tis gospel truth that at that mo-

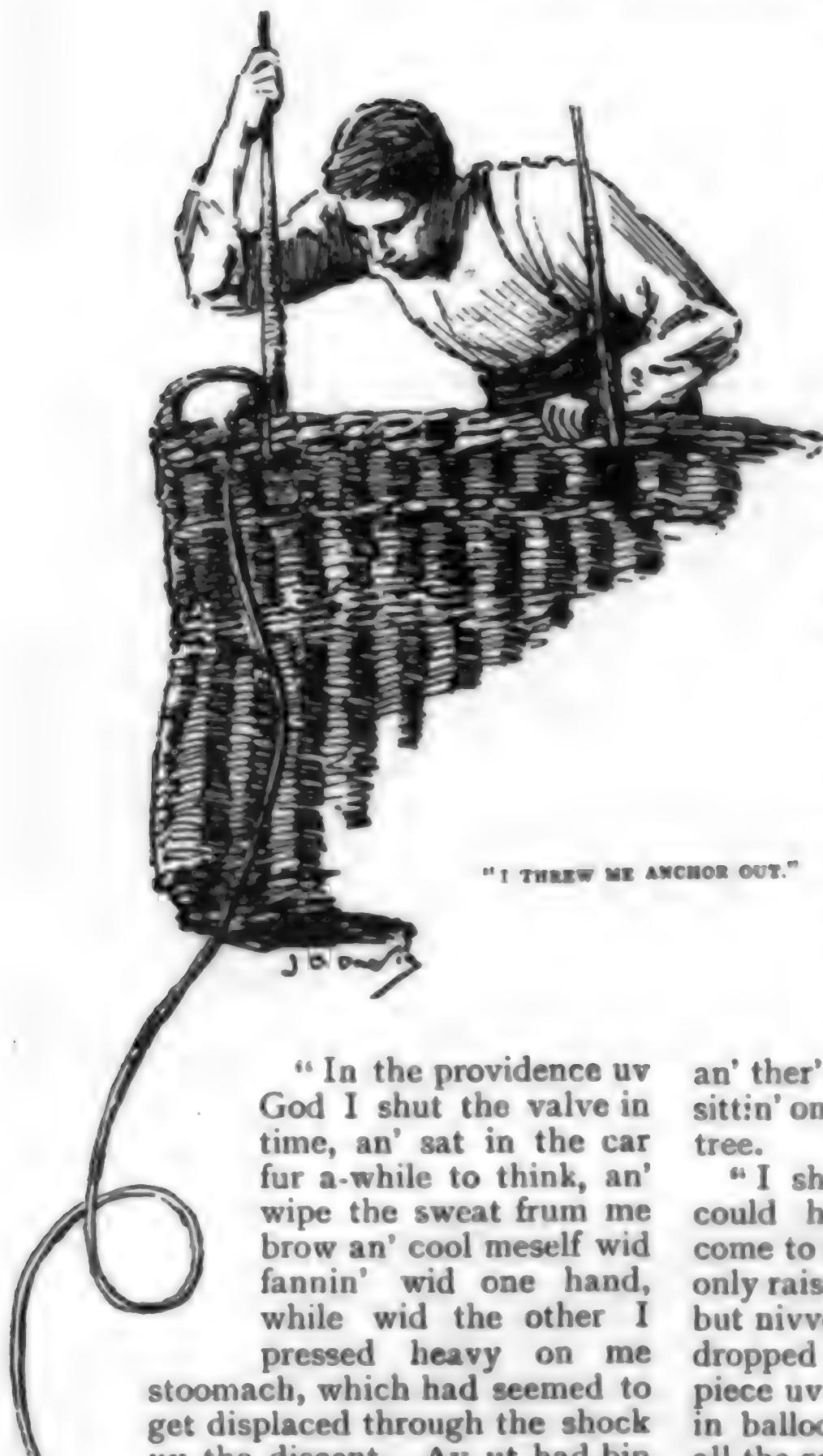
mint I had a yearnin' fur the regimental cells, an' would ha' given me stripes to be paradin' in a swelterin' soon.

"The inergy uv desperation wuz at work widin me like the yeast in dough, an' I mounted, dazed like, to the ring I've spoken of an' pulled a shtring which dangled frum the mouth uv the balloon. What the shtring wuz for I didn't know till a minnit afther, thin I'd let it go, fur



"I MOUNTED AND PULLED A SHTRING."

the entire fabric had shot down like an avalanche let loose, an' once moore I wuz sailin' abovee the face uv God's fair earth. 'Twas the valve uv the balloon I'd opened, an' heaven knows how mooch gas I hadn't let escape. Suppose I'd hild the shtring mooch longer, precious little uv Corprul Terriss would the worrl have seen that could have bin towld frum the red uv his kersey.



"I THREW ME ANCHOR OUT."

"In the providence uv God I shut the valve in time, an' sat in the car fur a-while to think, an' wipe the sweat frum me brow an' cool meself wid fannin' wid one hand, while wid the other I pressed heavy on me stoomach, which had seemed to get displaced through the shock uv the discent. Av ut had bin the time an' place I would have thought upon the folly uv playin' wid edged tools, but I wasn't in the mood fur ut, an' all I woondered was how I could git below again an' rejoin the ridgiment—wid the balloon, if I could save it; widout ut if I couldn't. 'Twas no manner uv moment thin whether I could save the silk or not—ut took me all me time to think uv me own precious skin an' the way to keep ut whole.

"Ther' wuz a soft breeze blowin', an' I wint a-sailin' till I felt as hoongry as a wolf and thirsty as a castaway in Eastern seas. An' thin I began to woondher where the beauty uv nature lay, an' wher the gloory uv a trip like this coom in. However

moch I tried, I couldn't see the poethry uv it anny moore, an' whin I set eyes on sheep or cattle 'twas only to heave a sigh an' think uv cuttin' steaks an' chops frum off ther ploomp bodies. To such a pitch uv degradation are the finest instincts uv a man rejoiced by calls uv thirst and hoonger.

"The soon was near his settin', an' still I went on sailin'. The sky was loovely as a dream—'twas like a desert uv gold wid no sides to ut—but that was no account to me, an', in a fit uv desperation, I seized an' pulled the shtring again, an' down I went once moore. I got maybe widin a thousand yards uv earth, an' who can tell the joy I felt whin I knew that the balloon was sinkin' gintly—fallin' down as graceful as a swan, an' me standin' there an' seein' the worruld grew bigger an' bigger, stemin' as if 'twas coomin' oop to me, instead uv me goin' down to it. I wuz landin', I could see, in the midst uv privut grounds,

an' ther' wuz an owld man wid a bald head sittin' on a lawn oondher a thoonderin' big tree.

"I shouted loud to him, so that he could hear me an' give me hilp to come to anchor; but the foolish creature only raised his head an' looked about him, but nivver above, an' thin, as I supposed, dropped off to sleep agen. I got out the piece uv ireon wid fangs which is carried in balloons to bring 'em to, an' saw that all the rope was clear before I threw the anchor to the ground. I wanted, uv coarse, to grip the tree wid ut, an' thin, I thought, I could haul down the balloon an' save ut an' give ut as a sort uv peace offerin' to the Gin'ral.

"I gave a big shout an' threw me anchor out. At that time, maybe, I wasn't moore than a hoondred yards high, still fallin' very slow. The fangs uv the grapplin' iron stoock hard in the branches at the first go, an' I made ut tight, while I shouted to the owld un below. But he must have bin asleep, an' a powerful sleeper too, fur he didn't answer. Thin I wuz seized wid wan uv the inspirations which have doone me so much mischuff. I picked up a bag uv sand wid wan hand,

howldin' fearful tight wid the other, so I couldn't rise, an' imptied the sand in the air, waggin' the bag about, snake-like, so that soome uv ut might tickle the owld boy's neck an' attract his attention. Soome uv ut did—it rained on his book an' bald head wid a sound that even I could hear, fur the place wuz as still an' calm as paradise. He joomed oop wid a shout uv terror, an' stood there gazin' at me. I wuz thin haulin' down, hand over hand, an' I suppose he must have thought that soomewan had coome to fetch him that he didn't want to see.

"Stan' by to give a hand," I shouted, asther the way uv men in ships; but he took no notice, and watched me, helpless-like, as I drew meself down.

"I wuz in a mortal panic fur fear the balloon should rise agen, an' the sweat rowled off me forrid as I hauled in. But the fangs uv the anchor stoock in the branches uv the tree like the teeth uv a Yorkshire terrier in the cloth uv a man's trousers, and nivver an inch did they give way. At last I landed on the top uv the tree, an' wid the speed uv lightnin' seized me cap an' kersey an' choocked 'em to the ground below, so that I might be sure uv havin' 'em whin I disembarked. The balloon gave a great start, fur the car tooched the top uv the tree, an' I over-

ballinced an' fell headlong into the branches. I gripped 'em like death, an' saved meself; an' 'twas well I did so, fur whin I had the sinse to look, I saw the war balloon risin' as swift as a rock fallin' into space the wrong way, an' the anchor wid the fangs wuz danglin' like a fiend below the car.

"The owld man wid the bald head wuz still starin', an' he spoke no worrd as I climbed down the throonk uv the tree an' stood befoore him in me shirt an' trousers, howldin' me cap respectful in me hand, an' wid me kersey hangin' graceful frum me arrum. It wuz not till I salooted him, smilin'—fur I wuz rather proud uv meself now that me neck an' skin wer' safe—that he found his toongue. Thin he said in a loud an' angry voice, an' wid soome shockin' bad worrds that I won't repeat, 'What d'ye mean by coomin' trespassin' in my privut grounds wid a balloon, an' assaultin' me wid yer cursid sandbags? Where d'ye think ye wuz coomin', sir?'

"He said the 'sir' mighty sarcastic, an' that an' his unprovoked language—fur how could I hilp where the balloon wuz fallin', not bein' a scientific man?—put me on me mettle. 'Sir,' I answered dignifidely, 'I lost controul uv the machine, an' selected this spot because ut wuz the most convenient, but principally because



"I TOWLD ME STORY."

I thought I wuz 'lightin' in the grounds uv at anny rate a Christian man, usf not a gingleton. I find I wuz mooch mistaken. Good evenin' to you !'

"I put on me kersey an' cap, an' wuz bowin' wid mooch distant politeness to him whin he burst into a loud laugh, an' coome up to me an' said, 'Ye're a wild thief of an Irishman from Walton Barricks, an' ye've stolen that balloon. I know ut, fur I recognise yer shoulder-straps an' badges, an' I know the war balloon that the Gin'ral uv the district bought. He's shown the workin' uv ut to me manny times himself. Coome inside, an' tell me all about ut.'

"I became mighty civil wid the owld boy all at wance, fur the man that knew the Gin'ral an' could put a worrd in wuz joost the man I wanted thin. He took me into his dinin' room, an' we had a bottle or two uv champagne to dhrink, an' I put away the best part uv a brace of chickens, wid soome ham an' things, an' on top uv ut all I towld me story. 'The

owld boy laughed till I thought he'd die, an' at last he said, 'Whatever coomes, you may reckon on a friend in me.'"

Terriss paused for a moment to put away his pipe before he finished his story.

"An' a friend indeed he proved, fur he coome to see the Gin'ral, an' towld a long tale uv the mirac'lous escape I'd had, afther a twenty mile journey, an' made things easier by offerin' to pay the cost uv anoother balloon, fur the thief uv a thing from the barruck-square wuz nivver seen agen. I did the best fur meself, too, by sayin' that the balloon ran off wid me while I wuz lookin' at ut to improve me mind; but the Gin'ral wouldn't be satisfied till he'd rejoiced me, as a warnin', he said, to the ridgiment an' her Majesty's throops at large. An' that," concluded Terriss, "that's the thruth uv the whole business; an' what I've towld you is the simple story uv the doin's in the atmosphere uv a corprul wid the prisen't rank of privut."

## *“Sukes:” An Episode.*

By C. R. WILLIAMS.

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“**S**UKES” had found regular employment at last. Sukes was a nickname. The bearer thereof, owing to a slight malformation of the palate, had, when speaking, an irritating habit of sucking his words. Someone called him “Sucks.” By a process of verbal corruption, Sucks became, in course of time, Sukes. He bore no patronymic. During the greater part of his life Sukes had been an itinerant vagabond. Like many another social pariah, he had been more sinned against than sinning. Deserted in London by his parents at an early age, as an incumbrance, he had passed through many vicissitudes. How he got out to Australia is not known. To describe the manner in which he had made a living in the Southern Hemisphere until the period in his life written of would necessitate passing in review most of the less reputable make-shift callings of life. Sukes was, however, not wholly bad. He was only bad to the extent to which badness had been required of him by his environment. Fits of debauchery were succeeded by periods of embryonic virtue. In these latter states, however, some faint gleams of a spiritual sunrise would now and again fall across his mind. He drank to excess, and was lazy to excess, until want compelled him to beg, borrow or steal.

Six months had elapsed since he landed in Western Australia. That direction of events which is vaguely described as chance turned his footsteps towards Rockcastle. Soon after his arrival in that small township, he stopped a runaway horse, at some considerable risk to his life. Sukes was not deficient in pluck. As a reward for his bravery, and after hearing the man’s story, Dr. Lexon, the owner of the horse, took him into his service as a handy man. When the kind-hearted old doctor asked him his name, Sukes, after some hesitation, informed that Christian dispenser of nasty drugs that his name was William Johnson. He had an indistinct notion that Johnson was

his father’s name, but none of his intimate friends would have identified him under that appellation. What did it matter? “One name’s as good as another when yer aint sure yer was ever c’rissen.” Thus argued Sukes; and such was he when Dr. Lexon took him by the hand. A man ought not to be a doctor for forty years without getting some insight into human nature, and after the new handyman had been in his employ for a month or so, Dr. Lexon came to the conclusion that there was good in the man, if his environment would allow it to work out. The employer of Sukes had a daughter. Her vocation in life was, in an unostentatious way, the doing unto others as she would have them do unto her. Having heard her father’s opinion upon the new servant, she studied Sukes and decided to help him. She did so, in the only way in which such help can be made serviceable, by constant attention and patient effort. At first, it must be confessed, she obtained but scant success. Sukes had never been very amenable to female influence, and was guilty of many backslidings. At times Miss Lexon was in despair, but she never lost heart. Gradually her power over the handy man increased; he did his work more conscientiously and took less to drink. One great difficulty he had to contend with—he could not hold in check the choice assortment of oaths with which he was familiar. When a man has taken free licence in the choice of language for years, his tongue is apt to acquire a certain trick of speech. One day Miss Lexon overheard an altercation between her parrot and Sukes. The latter swore horribly at the former. The parrot, a somewhat talkative bird, had, as is often the wont of his kind, addressed some remark to Sukes as he passed the bird’s perch. Miss Lexon left some accounts, which she was checking, and went into the garden and called out “Mr. Johnson.”

She always addressed Sukes on such an

occasion as this one as "Mr. Johnson." She believed that when seeking to renovate character you must inculcate respect.

"Yes, Miss Mercy," the handy man replied. A brilliant blush overspread his stumpy features, and he fidgeted forward, trailing a hoe and making ridiculous efforts to appear at his ease.

"Mr. Johnson, why have you been—ah—scolding my parrot?" She always put an awkward question mildly.

"Well, miss, I ought not to 'ave done it, that's sure. I'm a bad 'un, I am." Here a pause ensued, during which Sukes vaguely contemplated the horizon. "I knows that. When you look at me, Miss Mercy, I feel bad all over."

"I am sorry that my looking at you has such an effect on you," she replied. "But tell me—how did it happen?"

Sukes had found by experience that a successful method of argument was that of *petitio principii*, but he saw by the expression on Miss Lexon's face that it would be best for him this time not to evade her query. Therefore, with many sucks at his words, he proceeded to excuse his conduct.

"Well, Miss Mercy, it 'appened this way," he said, taking a step backwards, and nearly falling over his hoe, which he was dandling behind his back. "I was feelin' a bit peevish like, as I reckon we all do at times, savin' yourself, miss, and the Doctor. As I passed the parrot, I flips his perch, and I says 'ello Poll,' quite friendly like, and the parrot looks up and cocks his head on one side, and whistles and says 'ho—ho—who stole the tomatoes!'"

Miss Lexon could scarcely refrain from laughing. This sentence had been taught the parrot by a former owner, but was seldom used by him.

Sukes continued. "Well, miss, I says, quite angered like for the moment, 'what do you mean, you —'" He became suddenly silent and scratched his head, then he said, "Well, there, Miss Mercy, I did swear a bit."

"You did, Mr. Johnson, I heard you," she replied.

An expression of horror came over the face of the delinquent.

"Now, Mr. Johnson, you must not swear like this again. Come closer to me."

She retired to the verandah. He followed her. The day was very sultry, and

Sukes, having been at work in the stable-yard, had an unpleasant, horsey odour about him. A drop of perspiration fell off his forehead on to his nose. Altogether he looked unlovely.

"Give me your hand, Mr. Johnson."

He hesitated, then extracted a hairy hand from his pocket, wiped it across his shirt, and held it deprecatingly out to Miss Lexon. She took it in her own. Sukes was now staring at her in a sort of dazed way, as though hypnotised by her penetrating glance.

"Promise me, Mr. Johnson, that whenever you want to swear, you will always come and ask my permission before doing so."

Sukes foresaw the dilemma that a promise of this kind would be likely to lead him into, so he hesitated.

"Promise me, Mr. Johnson."

For a second or two they stood looking at one another, then he broke the silence.

"But, yer see, Miss Mercy, I might let out a bit by accident like. It do come so powerful sudden at times. It's like them heavy showers o' rain, miss, that seems to fall when there ain't no clouds about."

"Promise, Mr. Johnson," she replied.

Sukes felt the strength of a will and an individuality superior to his own.

"All right, miss, I promise," adding, *sotto voce*, "Gawd 'elp me."

She released his hand, and with it he swept the gathering moisture from his forehead. He was overcome by the responsibility of his vow.

"Thank you, Mr. Johnson," and, turning on her heel, she re-entered the house.

"Well, I be d—." Sukes arrived as far as the initial letter of the word, and then, recollection coming to him, he retreated rapidly towards the stables, coughing violently.

A year passed. The backsliding of the handyman had almost ceased. Under Miss Lexon's tuition he was endeavouring to acquire some education—"scholard's work," as he called it. When Miss Lexon had any spare time of an evening, he was her pupil. One day Sukes took to thinking deeply. A thought had flashed into his mind as he was watering the garden. It came with the force of a "bolt from the blue." The thought was in his mind all day; and as he lay awake that night, from that thought was born an idea—a stupendous idea. It overwhelmed him; it took away his breath. How had he

conceived it? He could not tell. There it was, pressing itself heavily against his consciousness — this great idea. He would ask Miss Lexon to marry him. Yes, he would do that. He, the ignorant handyman; she, the ~~lady~~. Not for some time, of course. He would take his time. He must first learn all she could teach him. Then he would get the doctor to give him a start at something. He would work for himself; make money; save it. Then he would ask Miss Lexon to marry him. Poor fellow! This girl had been the good angel of his life, and from his respect and adoration there had sprung this mighty impulse. Was Miss Lexon to blame? Perhaps so. In her desire for the man's well being, she may have allowed the relationship of mistress and servant to sink too much into that of teacher and pupil. Sukes was not sufficiently on her level to recognise the fact that, in her desire to do good she may have often been injudicious. Six months became added to the past. Sukes made great progress in his studies and worked as he had never worked before. No one but himself knew the cause of the sudden impetus which possessed him, and he hugged his secret to himself.

Rockcastle is not very far from Perth, the capital town of Western Australia. The day came when there arrived from England a certain Edwin Leicester. He was a civil engineer by profession, and, having Colonial influence, had been appointed to take charge of some new engineering works in the neighbourhood. A letter of introduction brought him, in due course of time, to see Dr. Lexon.

No doubt what happened is surmised. After an acquaintance of some months, he and Miss Lexon discovered that they loved one another. Mr. Leicester was not remarkable for his good looks. In the streets of almost any city you will see, in a day's march, many young men possessing greater physical attractions than he did. Miss Lexon fell in love with his mind. Clear-headed and singularly receptive, he had read much and thought much. Two people, a man and a woman, both thinkers along the same line of thought and workers along the same line of action, cannot be often together without developing strong feelings the one for the other. So Miss Lexon and Mr. Leicester fell in love, and the Doctor gave his consent to their engagement.

Poor Sukes. He had regarded the advent of Mr. Leicester with disfavour. That gentleman, having learnt his history, suggested to Miss Lexon that, as soon as the man's education was finished, Sukes should, if the Doctor was willing, come to the engineering works, where Mr. Leicester could promise him a good livelihood. No intimation had come to Sukes that his mistress and teacher had engaged her affections to the "ironmonger," as Sukes called Mr. Leicester in the privacy of his reflections; but he had formed his own conclusions. He saw Mr. Leicester coming and going, and several times that gentleman had engaged him in conversation. Many a bad half hour Sukes spent in his little bedroom, as, in an agony of isolation, he contemplated the possibility of Miss Lexon being taken away from him. The only barriers against his evil propensities had been erected by her influence, and he had not that self-control which comes from early education and self-discipline, or from inherited calmness. The burden of his reflections were as follows: "My Gawd, I feel that I could go on the drink again all night, and I could swear proper at the 'ironmonger.'" Sometimes, with a vague idea of stifling his inclinations, he stuffed a towel end into his mouth. Poor, passion-beset Sukes, wrestled with his desires, many a time and oft, until Christmas. He took to scowling defiantly, in his poor frenzy, at Mr. Leicester, but to Miss Lexon and her father, he was as respectful as ever. Miss Lexon still continued the evening work with him, but not so often as formerly, her time, owing to the new interest which had come into her life, not being so much her own as it had been. Christmas Eve came. All day a fierce heat had beaten down from the hard blue sky; the dust had been whirling in clouds along the road from Perth to Rockcastle; Sukes returned from Perth, whither he had gone on an errand for his master, just as the day went, and night came on. Miss Lexon heard the click of the garden gate, and called to Sukes to come into the room where she was sitting.

"Mr. Leicester has taken a fancy to you," she said to him, "and wants to help you. Would you like to go and work for him at the works? Both Doctor Lexon and myself, though we should miss you, are willing that you should do so."

Sukes kept his glance fixed on the

ground and twiddled his hat between his fingers. She continued, as he did not reply :

" You could come and see us often."

The corners of his mouth twitched and tightened.

" It would be for your good, and—and—" her voice faltered ever so little, " as Mr. Leicester and I are going to be married next month—why, Johnson, what is the matter with you?—are you ill? "

Crash! The chair against which Sukes had staggered fell over. The man's face was ghastly to look upon: so intense had been the shock that the blood had receded from his face, leaving it the dull, drab colour of putty; his eyes had the lustreless appearance of moonstones.

" Miss Mercy," he faltered, " it aint true; say it aint true—say it aint true," and his voice took a piteous tone, and he sucked at his words more hopelessly than ever. " Say it aint true."

" Say what is not. I do not understand you," replied Miss Lexon, with a touch of hauteur in her intonation.

" That yer are going to marry the iron—Mr. Leicester—"

" It is true, but why—"

She did not finish her sentence. Sukes had thrown himself at her feet, and was sobbing with big convulsive sobs which shook his whole body.

" My Gawd, let me die," he moaned.

In a flash of thought she understood. She, who was his saviour, his teacher, comprehended his nature; but that sudden flash of thought had illumined for her depths which she had not known were there. She quietly left the room. Until he was calmer she felt that she could do no good with him. Sukes looked up. He was alone, and the nerve tempest raged over him. It does not require culture to suffer. Sukes clenched his hands and rose to his feet:

" Curse 'im! Curse 'im! he muttered with clenched teeth. Miss Lexon, waiting outside the door, heard him and trembled. Then came to her ears the sound of a hurried tread; the banging of a French window. She peeped into the room. Sukes was gone. Then there came a ring at the front door bell, and the sound of Mr. Leicester's voice. She rushed into the hall.

" Edwin, come here." He came towards her.

" What is the matter, Mercy darling?

You look quite scared," he said, as he kissed her lips.

Her only reply was to lay her head on his shoulder and to burst into tears. Between her sobs she told him what had happened—what her surmise was. Mr. Leicester had not, among his many studies, studied human nature. He laughed at her idea.

" Johnson in love with you, Mercy?" he said; " the handyman with his mistress! " No, it's too funny," and he laughed.

She caught up a shawl from the hat-stand and threw it round her shoulders. " You are wrong, Edwin; I am right. Come, let us see if he is in his room. I can never forgive myself. Poor fellow: he will go and drink again. How blind I have been."

Sukes was not where they sought him; but, before she retired to rest, Miss Lexon looked out of her window and saw a light in his room over the stables. He had come back, and, although she knew it not, dead drunk. He had tried to drown his sorrow in brandy. It was a lucky thing that, when Sukes staggered upstairs to his room and tried to open his big clasp knife he fell senseless on to the floor.

Christmas morning. Sunrise. Already the light had glimmered across the sandy deserts and spinifex wastes of the land east of the Dudas Hills, throwing into relief the wonderful karie and jarrah trees, the fragrant sandal-wood and the mulberry and olive trees of the western coast. The sea, half a mile beyond Doctor Lexon's garden, became visible. It was still early when Miss Lexon and Mr. Leicester, who had passed the previous night at her father's house, came out into the sunshine and took the road to the sea shore. A refreshing breeze was blowing from the ocean, and there was a flutter of white petticoats as they descended the declivity leading to the sea. In the distance a few natives were jogging along on their way towards Fremantle. Miss Lexon and Mr. Leicester had gone out to decide what they were to do with Sukes. He, the effects of his debauch having in some measure worn off, had also awakened early. Between a desire to see Miss Lexon and beg her pardon, and a feeling of shame at meeting her after his drinking bout, he was in a sad plight.

" Gawd 'elp me," he murmured, as he buried his face in his hands. Then came

the sound of Miss Lexon's voice, wishing her lover a merry Christmas, and his greeting in reply. Sukes rushed to his window in time to see them pass through the garden gate.

"They're goin' to the landin'-place. I'll follow 'em," was his unspoken comment.

The landing-place was a narrow jetty, built on piles. It jutted out some considerable distance into the sea, and was used by the captains of small coasting boats to discharge cargo. At the end farthest from the land some roughly-hewn baulks of timber served as resting-places. As Miss Lexon and Mr. Leicester sat down on one of these pieces of timber, a slouching figure crept on to the jetty from the land. It was Sukes; but how altered in appearance—how fallen from his previous high estate. In one night he seemed to have reverted to the pariah of old. Jealousy is a sorry tyrant, and he had followed the lovers from the house, muttering to himself like one demented:

"'E is talkin' love to her now, curse 'im. I'll creep up and listen."

As a matter of fact, Miss Lexon and Mr. Leicester were discussing earnestly the same topic as when they started for their walk:—the welfare of Sukes. That worthy, by a series of strategetic movements, suggestive of a Red Indian tracking a foe, approached closer to them. At last he came within earshot, and crouched down behind an old, disused packing case. No sooner had he settled himself down, preparatory to playing the eavesdropper, than Miss Lexon and Mr. Leicester rose to their feet and walked forward to the edge of the jetty. The only words Sukes heard were spoken by Mr. Leicester:

"Very well, Mercy, do as you think best. And now let us dismiss this subject from our minds until after breakfast."

The expression on the face of Sukes as they moved away was indicative of the language which was rising to his lips. The sunlight was very strong, and, as Miss Lexon and Mr. Leicester stood enjoying the prospect of sky and water, the coast line was visible to them for miles.

"What is that black object out there to the left, coming up against the current?" said Mr. Leicester, taking her by the arm and pointing with his finger to a black shape visible above the surface of the sea.

Sukes groaned and shook his fist at Mr. Leicester as he saw him take his companion by the arm. Miss Lexon shaded her eyes and looked in the direction indicated.

"A shark's fin, I think," she replied. "Yes, look, more to the left there is another. They are coming this way. The men who work here tell me they often see the sharks off the head of the jetty. I suppose they are attracted by what is thrown overboard from the cargo boats."

"We shall have a good look at them," Mr. Leicester answered. "I wish I had some tackle with me and a piece of pork." He turned towards his companion, who was trembling slightly. "What is the matter, Mercy?"

"I have never been quite able to overcome my feelings of repugnance at the sight of those monsters. Never, since I saw a man—I can't tell you the story, Edwin, it is too horrible. Sharks seem to me the incarnation of evil—they have such cold, cruel eyes."

"And teeth, Mercy. But come, it won't do for you to be afraid of anything. See, I'll throw that piece of timber into the sea. The splash will perhaps attract their attention and cause them to come nearer, and then we will have a good look at them *together*."

Mr. Leicester moved away from Miss Lexon's side to the edge of the landing-place. Fifteen feet below him the beautiful, pellucid sea lapped the piles. The water was so clear that the sight could almost penetrate to the bottom. He bent down and, being a strong man, lifted with some ease a heavy log from where it lay. Poising it in his arms, he waited for a few seconds, watching the sharks; then he reached over to throw the log into the sea. Miss Lexon was watching him attentively; so was Sukes. The latter, not having seen the sharks, did not understand what was going to happen. He made a slight noise in moving, and this noise attracted the attention of Miss Lexon. She turned towards the sound. Her lover bent lower, and, reaching well over the side, let the log go. *Splash!* the wood reached the water. Miss Lexon glanced back to the spot where Mr. Leicester was standing just in time to see him trip against a piece of iron, overbalance himself and fall off the jetty. *Splash!* his body had struck the water, too. She rushed to the place from

where he had fallen. An agonised cry broke from her, and the sound thereof vibrated inland to silence. For a moment it seemed to her as though the sky was waving in circles around her. Then, by a strong effort, she recovered her presence of mind, and, casting one glance seaward, she realised the danger. Whether as a result of the ruse or not, the sharks had altered their course, and were gliding rapidly towards the head of the jetty. She leant over the side. Dazed by the suddenness of his fall, Mr. Leicester was feebly trying to stem the strong current which was carrying him towards the oncoming fins.

"Heaven help me: what can I do?" was Miss Lexon's thought. She looked round in despair for a rope. There was not a sign of one. Ah! she remembered the steps. "Edwin! Edwin!" she cried.

"Yes," came the voice from below.

"Swim, swim Edwin, with all your strength round the head of the jetty; there are steps there. Oh, swim, swim, my darling, as you love me!"

In her despair she wrung her hands, and, for the moment, it seemed as though she would cast herself into the sea to join her lover. Could he get round to the steps in time? His faintness had, in some measure, passed away. The stimulus of her entreaty had given strength to his efforts, and he was now swimming strongly and making progress against the current. On came the sharks with increased rapidity. A hundred yards or so away were the steps and safety. In front of him the dark slippery piles rose sheer from the blue water; behind him death was swiftly approaching. In her anguish of mind, Miss Lexon almost swooned away. On came the cruel hyenas of the sea. Human flesh was to be had, and they needed it. Could Mr. Leicester reach his haven of safety? The weight of his clothes was telling on him somewhat, and the clothes impeded the movements of his arms and legs.

"Oh, God—oh, Edwin, my darling!" These words were jerked out in gasps from Miss Lexon's lips. Suddenly a hand was gently laid upon her wrist. She shrieked and looked up—into the pale face of Sukes. Sobbing as he had done the night before, she fell at his feet.

"Save him! save him! save him!" she moaned. Sukes understood the situation. He looked once at the triangular fins above the water, once at the woman at his feet. All his hopes, aspirations and love were concentrated into a few seconds of time. Then he whispered hoarsely:

"Miss Mercy, I was drunk last night; will you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes; but save him! save him!" she replied.

"Yer forgive me, then? Good-bye, Miss Mercy," and, quitting her side, he leapt into the sea and swam rapidly towards the sharks. Mr. Leicester was nearly at the steps, swimming hard for dear life. Between pursuer and pursued was Sukes swimming to his death. When Miss Lexon laid her entreaty upon him, he knew that there was but one way to carry out her wishes, and that was to try and draw off the attention of the sharks from his rival to himself. In this attempt he was successful. On perceiving him coming towards them, the sharks hove round to meet him. "He has given his life for me," was Miss Lexon's inward comment. Then, with all her remaining strength, she cried:

"Come back, come back."

At the sound of her beloved voice Sukes, ever obedient, turned round. Too late! the sharks were close upon him. He made an effort to frighten them by beating the water with his legs. It was useless. The foremost monster darted forward. There was a gleam of his belly as he turned over to seize his prey. Sukes dived in time to escape the cruel jaws, which shut with a snap. Miss Lexon's heart was thumping its way through her ribs. In this supreme moment even her lover's safety was forgotten. The other shark rushed at Sukes like a greyhound at a doubling hare. The water swirled above the great fish, and there came a sudden cry of pain, which the sea stifled, as Sukes was drawn beneath the surface. A crimson stain clouded the clearness of the sea, and was suffused along the surface. A long-drawn, gurgling moan came from Miss Lexon, and she fell senseless against a baulk of timber, as Mr. Leicester, almost exhausted drew himself up the steps.

# Rambles Through England.

## *The English Lakes.—Derwentwater and Wastwater.*

**I**N the opinion of many, the Lake of Derwentwater is the most beautiful of all the Cumberland and Westmoreland lakes. Its beauty is essentially of that soft, pastoral type so peculiar to our lovely island, and almost devoid of that solemn grandeur which is invariably associated with those lakes which are hemmed in by mighty rugged mountains with dark and barren slopes.

Derwentwater is over three miles long by about half that distance across at its widest part. Its bosom is studded with many gem-like islets, rich in lake-land foliage and ferns like emeralds set in a silver shield. Amongst these are St. Hubert's Isle, where the ruins of a hermitage may yet be seen; and Lord Island, where Lady Derwentwater was imprisoned, but from which she escaped to aid her husband, who, however, was beheaded and whose lands were confiscated.

Another noteworthy islet is called the Floating Island, which is usually more or less submerged, its peculiar buoyancy arising from the generation of gas from

the decaying vegetable matter of which it is composed.

A row on the lake is a most pleasurable way to view its beauties, and one of the best boating-places to start from is Friar's Crag, a rocky promontory about a mile from Keswick, and from which eminence a most charming view of the lake is obtainable.

If a mild mountain climb is wished, the ascent of Castle Head should be made; the road is easy, and the summit affords the eye a lovely sweep of the whole of the lake and its surrounding mountains.

One of the loveliest excursions in this district is a drive round the eastern side of Derwentwater to Buttermere and back along Derwent's western shore. Charabancs leave the Keswick Hotel every morning about ten o'clock for this trip, returning about half-past six, in time for dinner. The fare is five shillings.

We started punctually to time, a merry party of a dozen, all bent on having a good day. Our driver was a cicerone of more than ordinary erudition, and brimming over with local folk-lore and with the bump of locality hugely developed. As a specimen of the healthiness of the climate he was beyond cavil, for he had been driving the roads we were about to traverse just over thirty years, man and youth, as he informed us, whereas he looked well on the sunny side of thirty.

Our nags, of which we had a pair, were also old hands on the road; the elder was rising seventeen years and had been at it since three years old, while the other was a giddy



FRIAR'S CRAG, DERWENTWATER.



LODORE HOTEL.

young thing of only ten years and had only travelled the round some six years, and was consequently looked on by coachey as an infant in the business.

The day was a perfect one for a drive; a bright sun, tempered by a gentle southerly breeze, exhilarated our spirits and made beautiful to our eyes every feature of nature's handiwork through which we passed.

Soon we had left the tortuous streets of Keswick behind and were bowling rapidly along a gently undulating road that ran nearly the whole distance along the eastern shore of the lake. The road, almost the whole way, is framed over with leafy trees now in their young beauty of early summer, and through which we have continual glimpses of the silvery waters of Derwent on our right, while, towering on our left, we pass Wallow Crag and Falcon Crag.

Further on is Barrow House, in the grounds of which is the pretty cascade of Barrow Fall. Another ten minutes bring us to Lodore, with its charming hotel, at which we descend to view the celebrated falls of Lodore.

We make our way round

the back of the hotel, crossing a rustic wooden bridge; and after a few minutes' climbing over mossy stones and grassy mounds among a grove of beeches and firs, the falls open out before us.

A cleft between two almost perpendicular crags is the outlet for the water, which tumbles in foamy masses down a height of a hundred feet, dashing its spray against countless boulders with a hoarse murmur as of anger at being impeded on its way to the lake below. Each side of the cliff is luxuriantly decked with larch, ash and birch trees, which seem to sprout out of the very



LODORE WATERFALL, DERWENTWATER.

rock itself, while every possible, we might almost say impossible, cranny has its fern-plant growing in luxuriant splendour, watered by the spray.

There are several points at different distances up the fall which afford varying views of this beautiful cascade, and we need hardly mention that the water shows in its utmost beauty after several days'

feet long by thirty-six feet high. It lies on an angle, like a boat on its keel, and is most wonderfully balanced.

How it came in its strange position can now only be conjectured, as it seems humanly impossible that it could ever have been moved into its present position by mortal force; there it lies, on a small flat plateau some considerable distance from the nearest high cliff, a monument, we can only surmise, to some gigantic convulsion of nature; the wonder being that the stone, when cast into its present resting-place, should have remained balanced on its thinnest edge in so curious a manner.

The stone is guarded by a dragon in female form, and a cunningly-devised trap is laid ready for the unwary visitor. To descend from metaphor, we may point out in our illustration, that a nicely made ladder invites the unsuspecting to ascend

to the top of the stone.

The view from here is indeed charming; the vale of Borrowdale is spread out at our feet, with the River Derwent meandering through its green meads, and in the distance are several notable mountains and crags, among them Castle and Eagle Crags, and Scawfell. Our carriage in the road below, appears from our eyrie perch, like a child's toy cart. Having gazed our

fill, we prepare to descend, and find awaiting us at the foot of the ladder, the guardian of the Bowder Stone. It has petticoats on, and a shawl thrown over its head induces us to consider that we face a lady indigenous to the district; and feeling in good humour with ourselves and all the world, we courteously venture to remark to our fair unknown that it's a lovely day.

Then the disguise is thrown off, and



GRANGE BRIDGE, BORROWDALE.

heavy rain, when the force of water attains to really magnificent proportions.

Resuming our drive, we leave the lake behind us as we enter the valley of Borrowdale, and passing the hotel of that name, we drive along the River Derwent, which runs through the lake, and continues its course on to the lake of Bassenthwaite (which we shall refer to later). The hamlet of Grange is visible across the river, which is here spanned by a remarkable old bridge.

A little beyond, we spy, perched up the mountain side, the curiosity of this neighbourhood. This is the Bowder Stone, an immense mass of detached rock; and our carriage rests awhile for us to ascend the well-worn pathway for a nearer inspection.

This remarkable stone is calculated to weigh just on two thousand tons, and measures over sixty



THE BOWDER STONE.

we realise our jeopardy, as in answer, the unknown replies :

" Yes, it is; but I wants my trifle."

Need we linger over the rest? No, let us draw a veil over our retreat, merely remarking that each of us had to leave, as ransom, various coins of the realm for our safe departure.

Once more safely in our char-a-bancs, we breathe more freely and congratulate each other on our perilous escape. Our route now is through Rosthwaite and Seatoller, whence we turn to the right and commence the ascent leading to Honister Pass, which is, without exception, the most grand and awesome pass we have yet gone through.

At first the slope rises gently upwards, but gradually steepens, and we all dismount, the laden carriage being too much for our horses. In twos and threes we slowly climb the now stiff hill; by our coachman's advice, we leave our



THE DERWENT FROM THE BOWDER STONE.

wraps and overcoats behind in the carriage, and soon we thank him for his thoughtfulness, for the midday sun and the continuous ascent soon tells on our condition, and frequent halts are the order of the day.

A noisy, bubbling stream runs its rocky course on our left, along the banks of which softly-verdured trees grow in rich profusion. The murmur of the water sounds sweeter and lower as our path tends upwards,



HONISTER PASS.



HONISTER PASS.

dying away at last to a mere plaintive lullaby. The top of the hill is barren, bare and desolate, in contrast to the rich foliage we have passed through in the earlier part of our drive, and we are glad to recline on the scanty turf, to await the arrival of our conveyance and recover our breath.

For about a mile our road over the fell is flat and but little interesting, then, with an abrupt turn to the right, Honister Pass lies right before us, the road down which appears almost a precipice. With skidded wheels and break hard on, our faithful horses quietly pick their way down the steep declivity, while we hold on to keep our balance. The sensation is something quite out of the common, and, being blessed with steady nerves, we thoroughly enjoy the unique drive.

Honister Crag, the height on our left, is some seventeen hundred and fifty feet above sea level, the upper seven hundred being a sheer precipice. Yet, strange to say, it contains a rich slate quarry, and the hardy miners gain the top of the perpendicular cliff by means of a cogged track, hauling their trucks up and down by the same means.

One or two of our lady passengers, who have been this route before, have gone on ahead, preferring to walk down the pass rather than trust themselves in the carriage, and so we pick them up below.

A quarter-of-an-hour's drive through park-like scenery brings us to Buttermere, where we draw up at the Victoria Hotel in good time for lunch, to which we do ample justice after our morning's exertions.

After satisfying our appetites, we stroll across some meadows to Buttermere Lake, which is about a mile and a half long by half as broad. It is closed in on the west and south by grand mountains, Honister Crag, by which we have just passed, standing boldly out to the south.

A short stream, flowing through three or four green meadows, unites Buttermere Lake with Crummock Water, the latter lake being twice the size of the former. Crossing a little bridge over this stream, we scramble up a fern-clad slope, which, at the time of our visit, is a perfect mass of bluebells; from this slight eminence we have a charming view of both these lakes, together with the mountains by which they are environed.

Instead of this little stroll there is time to take a row on Crummock Water and, landing at the mouth of the little stream of Scale Beck, to follow the path along its bank, and, in about ten minutes, come to Scale Force, one of the highest waterfalls in the lake district. The stream leaps in one beautiful fall over a hundred and fifty feet, falling between almost perpendicular cliffs, which are clad in a wealth of fern and mossy verdure.

Before returning to Buttermere, we can, if time permit, visit Ennerdale lake, by following the path up the Scale Beck, which leads us past Floutern Tarn, a lonely, drear little piece of water, and after a walk of about five miles, we reach the foot of Ennerdale water, which is about two miles and a half long by eight or nine hundred yards wide. The scenery surrounding it is weird and wild, the view towards the head of the lake being very fine. The most conspicuous height is the Pillar, rising in solemn grandeur to just under three thousand feet.

" You see you precipice: it wears the shape  
Of a vast building, made of many crags;  
And in the midst is one particular rock  
That rises like a column from the vale,  
Whence by our shepherds it is called the Pillar."

Ennerdale is out of the beaten track, and consequently less visited than other lakes which are more accessible, but it well repays the pilgrim for his devotion and trouble.

Another pretty little lake is Lowes Water, which lies to the north of Crum-



BUTTERMERE.



CRUMMOCK WATER.

mock Water, and is joined thereto by a little stream in similar manner as in Buttermere.

The best way to visit Lowes Water, is to continue the drive from Buttermere along the eastern bank of Crummock Water to Scale Hill, where there is a comfortable hotel, or if we have visited Ennerdale, as just described, we can walk or drive back by way of Lamplugh to Lowes Water. The Lake of Lowes is only a comparatively small one, somewhere about a mile long, but it is charmingly placed, its valley being richly timbered with beautiful trees, while its emerald meadows afford pasturage for thousands of sheep.

We must now get back to our char-a-bancs, which awaits us at Buttermere, to return to Keswick.

Refreshed by their rest, our rags start off at a merry pace up the steep hill, leading

over the Hause towards Newlands. But we presently have to dismount, as the ascent becomes steeper, and so we mount quietly on shanks' pony, our road lying along a precipitous incline, the valley at our feet at every step getting deeper and deeper. The sense of loneliness appeals to us very vividly as we survey the barren hills and valley around us from our lofty position; save an occasional sheep, there appears to be no living thing about us, not even the twit of a



SKIDDAW, FROM PORTINSCALE.

bird breaks the silence of this vast solitude.

The remainder of the drive back to Keswick is full of charm and varying beauty, and near Portinscale we get a beautiful view of the lofty peak of Skiddaw, towering three thousand and fifty-eight feet to its highest summit.

Passing near Crosthwaite church, where the poet Southeby is interred, we soon arrive at the Keswick Hotel, ready to do justice to dinner, which is served at seven o'clock.

It may be well to state here that the best hotels in the Lake District are very reasonable in their charges, and their cuisines are first-class. Breakfasts are usually, table d'hôte, half-a-crown; luncheons, two shillings to two shillings and sixpence; dinners, table d'hôte, three shillings to four shillings. Beds, single, two shillings and sixpence; double, three shillings and sixpence; and attendance about eighteenpence a day. These prices compare very favourably with most holiday resorts, and are a great factor in ensuring a pleasant sojourn in this district.

In most of the towns of any size there are also usually one or more hotels which, if not quite first-class, are very comfortable, and where meals can be arranged for to suit any pocket.

Apartments are also easily to be had by those who desire them.

From Keswick we can visit Bassenthwaite Water, either by taking the train to Braithwaite Station, which is about a mile from the head of the lake, or by road, the distance being only some four miles. The route lies through a part of the lovely vale of Keswick, past the villages of Braithwaite and Thornthwaite, and skirting the foot of the rocky mountain of Lord's Seat on the western bank of the lake; or the road from Keswick to the

eastern shore of the lake, through Little Crosthwaite, will afford some charming glimpses of Bassenthwaite Water and the surrounding country.

There remains now but one lake of importance to visit—we refer to Wastwater, which is, perhaps, the least visited lake in the district, owing to its out-of-the-way position. There are several ways of reaching it, which we give shortly as follows:—

From Ambleside over Wrynose Pass, through Boot, to Wastdale Head, distance thirty miles. By train from Keswick to Ravenglass, and thence to Boot, this latter station bringing us to within three miles of Wastwater; or from Keswick by carriage and on foot. This last combination affords the most pleasant variety of scenery,



BASSENTHWAITE WATER.

and can be easily accomplished in a day. If we are not returning to Keswick, we can forward our luggage on to Boot by rail, to await our arrival; then, taking seats on the Buttermere carriage, we traverse the road we have previously passed over on our trip to the latter lake, described just before, as far as Seatoller, where our road diverges from the route over the Honister Pass. Here we say good-bye to our carriage and start on our tramp of about ten miles through some of the most picturesque scenery in England. After walking a little over a mile, we pass through the little hamlet of Seathwaite, which has the proud, if unenviable position, of being the wettest place in the Kingdom. Following our narrow path, which runs along the side of

a mountain stream, we plod steadily towards Sty Head Pass. The celebrated Yews of Borrowdale stand boldly out on our path, and we clamber up to the lead mine for a closer inspection of its hidden mysteries. Crossing the stream, we continue along to Stockley Bridge, pausing frequently to gaze around at the continually changing panorama of Nature's handiwork around us. Crossing by the bridge, we have the lovely Sty Head Pass ahead. Solemn and grand is the scene around; no sign of human life meets the eye: all is wild, desolate and silent as the grave. We seem to have passed into an uninhabited land, walled in by rugged heights of massive rock, which shut us in from the life and glory of the world we have lately left behind.

Continuing our ascent, the pikes of the Gables come into view; and a little farther on Sty Head Tarn unveils its black waters to our gaze. This lonesome lake has found a bed for itself almost at the summit of the pass, where it lies cold and black, like a dead child of Nature.

Soon the top of the pass is reached, where our toil and exertion are forgotten in the magnificent view which spreads before our vision. The mighty Scawfell is on the left, like a giant among pygmies, with Great Gable and Kirk Fell acting as guards of the pass on the right. Wastwater lies below, hidden from sight by intervening mountains, whilst away in the distance glimmers the sheen of the ocean.

But we must not tarry too long, for our journey is not yet finished, so we start on the descent down the stony pathway, taking care to go leisurely, lest an unwary step cause us to measure our length on Mother Earth. After an hour's stumbling and slipping, we draw near to Wastdale village, which lies about a mile from the head of Wastwater, and turn in to the little inn for a well-earned rest before going on to the lake.

After a pipe and a cup of nectar in the form of a tankard of ale, we resume our tramp, like giants refreshed, and all signs of fatigue vanish as we come on the lake.

The following lines, by Christopher



STY HEAD TARN AND SCAWFELL PIKE.



WASTWATER.

North, well describe the grandeur of this majestic lake:—

"There is a lake, hid far among the hills,  
That rave around the throne of solitude;  
Not fed by gentle streams or playful rills,  
But headlong cataract or rushing flood.

"There gleam no lovely hues of hanging wood,  
No spot of sunshine lights her sullen side;  
For horror shaped the wild in wrathful mood,  
And o'er the tempest heaved the mountain's pride."

Following the road which runs along the border of the lake on its western shore, we secure some grand views of the rugged mountains surrounding the lake, the group of crags and pikes shutting in the head of Wastwater to the north being exceptionally

beautiful in their massive, solemn grandeur.

Our holiday is now rapidly drawing to a close as we near the village of Strands, where are two inns, and whence we get seats on a char-à-bancs for Boot, where we shall find our luggage and take our train for home.

If we had time, we could spend a full week in and around Wastwater. Scawfell can be climbed, and there are many beautiful falls and tarns which we fain would visit. But we have exhausted our time for pleasuring, and lingeringly, regrettably, we bid good-bye to the fells and falls of this lovely land.

HUBERT GRAYLE.

# *The Memoirs of Dr. Francis Wiseman.*

*Compiled from Private Papers by his friend, the Rev. David Spencer : to which are added certain Critical Observations and Elucidations by Professor Otto Schultz, the distinguished Oriental Scholar. The whole now published for the first time, and forming an astounding Present-day Narrative of the Invisible and Supernatural.*

*By PAUL SETON,*

*Author of "Revelations of a London Pawnbroker," "Confessions of a Royal Academician," &c. &c.*



## **PART II.**

### **THE SEARCH FOR THE SIGNET.**

#### **ADVENTURE THE THIRD.**

**I**HAVE considerable doubt if any man ever found himself more embarrassingly placed than I did after the experiences I have already narrated. We had set out from London a compact party of four, of which there only now remained the Professor and myself. At Paris we had lost young Carwardine ; at Cairo we had seen Graham go raving mad. And yet, notwithstanding these disasters, we had achieved absolutely nothing—we were as far from the object of our expedition as ever. Truly, it was a most unhappy situation, and the more I reflected upon it, the more gloomy and unsatisfactory did it appear.

It was not only what we had gone through, but the uncertainty of what might be in store for us in the future, that rendered the position so intolerable. We were confronted by a powerful and unscrupulous antagonist, of whose strength and influence we had, indeed, had many proofs, but whose full force we were still utterly unable to gauge with any degree of confidence or certitude. It was this perplexing element, this unknown and unknowable quantity, that baffled the judgment, and made anything like a calm and dispassionate decision well-nigh impossible. Had we only to deal with a mere mortal like ourselves, our course would have been comparatively clear and easy ; but when it came to a contest with one who seemed half man and half devil, it was, indeed, a

matter calculated in every way to give us pause. The Professor, like myself, fully recognised the gravity of our surroundings; nevertheless, he positively declined to be daunted, and was more eager to go forward than I had at any time seen him before. But then he had not such deep cause of uneasiness as myself. The reference to my wife which the unhappy Graham had made in the course of his last letter appeared none the less alarming in the light of recent events, and I could not conceal from myself that there was more than a mere suggestion—there was an actual menace of peril in it, which, considering its inspired origin, it would be the height of folly to regard as of no significance whatever. Thus was I torn by various conflicting emotions. On the one hand I felt strongly that, should any danger be threatening my wife, my proper place was by her side. On the other, the Professor urged, with a vehemence strangely at variance with his usual imperturbability, that my duty was first, at any rate, to see Benhanan, for it was certain, he declared with some warmth, that the Jew would not speak of those matters which had brought me out to Egypt unless he met me face to face. I was unable to seriously dispute this statement ; neither was I able to deny that I was now more than ever desirous of learning from this wandering Israelite's own lips the interpretation of that mysterious warning he had sent me by the mouth of the Professor. Once more, therefore, I allowed my feelings of prudence to be over-ruled in this matter, but with the firm resolve that the moment

the Jew had finished his communication, whatever might be its nature, I would set my face towards England, and permit myself no rest until my foot again touched her beloved shore.

The diminution which our party had sustained was somewhat unexpectedly neutralised by the addition of two fresh members, thus bringing it up to its original strength. The first of these accessions

was Mahmoud, the faithful servant who had so effectually avenged his master's memory at the Tombs of the Caliphs. The second was a certain Mr. Ezra P. Darley, an American friend of the Professor's.

"Darley, Darley," I murmured reflectively when the Professor mentioned the name to me for the first time; "it has a familiar ring about it, though I cannot recall in what connection I have heard it before."

"Why," said my companion promptly, "don't you remember the telegram I showed you when we were in Paris—the one stating that the real Benhanan was still in Egypt? Darley sent it, and, of course, signed it with his own name. He knows Benhanan slightly, and since I have told him the story, he wants to go with us badly. He is thoroughly to be trusted, and if you have no objection, I should rather like him to come."

I had no objection; in fact, I was inclined to be pleased at the suggestion, the more so that Darley proved, on acquaintance, to be a very agreeable sort of man, with a large fund of dry humour and common sense, of which latter commodity I could not help thinking we stood sadly in need at the present juncture. Our preparations were soon completed, and we were about to make a start when, to our surprise, a grave and dignified-looking Arab presented himself to us with the announcement that he had been



TO OUR SURPRISE A GRAVE AND DIGNIFIED ARAB PRESENTED HIMSELF.

commissioned to personally conduct us to his master, who had thought fit to shift his place of encampment further into the desert. This was by no means welcome news to me, as it involved, of course, an additional expenditure of time, and I grudged every second that retarded the hour of my return. There was nothing for it, however, but to submit to the inevitable, which I accordingly did with as good a grace as I could command.

We left Cairo by way of the Mousky, and were soon pounding along over the hot, dry sand, with the wind blowing straight in our teeth. We had covered several miles, and had left the pyramids looming some considerable distance behind us, when we were startled out of our composure by the sudden apparition of a small body of well-armed men riding down directly upon us. This ominous sight caused us no little alarm at first, but our guide hastened to reassure us. It was nothing, he said, to give us any concern; indeed, quite the reverse, the cavalcade being, in fact, sent by his master to form a very necessary escort against any stray band of wandering Bedouins who might otherwise feel disposed to attack us. I cannot say this information afforded me half so much satisfaction as it appeared to give my companions, for it seemed to me to indicate that Benhanan's encampment was by no means so near to Cairo as I had not only hoped but supposed. That I was right in this view, I soon had abundant proof, for the sun went down, and a halt was called, without any signs of the termination of our journey. The next morning we were early astir, and we pushed forward throughout the whole of that dreary day, regardless of the fierce and well-nigh intolerable heat, until the evening again approached, when another halt was made, and still we appeared as far from our destination as ever.

This was so very unsatisfactory to me, and likewise so unbearably tantalising, that at last I unburdened myself in vigorous remonstrance to the Professor. But all he could do was to shrug his shoulders and dilate upon the virtue and advantages of patience. He knew no more than myself whither we were going. In his own language: Cairo he knew, Alexandria he knew, all the towns of Egypt he knew; but this wilderness—ach! he knew nothing whatever of him at all. It was no use worrying, he observed philosophically:

we were here; we could not go back; we must be patient—all of which so exasperated me by reason of their obvious truism that I turned my back upon the speaker in high disgust. As for Darley, he took everything as a matter of course. As long as he had a cigar in his mouth, and was able to get a pot shot at a passing vulture, he seemed perfectly happy. And so we went on. But at length, after some days of this interminable travelling, the sand began to be interspersed with scanty patches of vegetation, huge rocks reared their heads proudly before us in the distance, and one morning our guide uttered a subdued cry of pleasure.

"What is it?" I exclaimed eagerly, for I immediately guessed this unusual display of excitement on the part of our taciturn conductor portended nothing less than the speedy consummation of our pilgrimage. "Do you see anything? Is our journey nearly finished?"

"Allah be praised!" he returned, piously. "it is finished. Lift up your eyes and look. Behold, there are the tents of my master, the Lord of Wisdom!"

I followed the direction of his outstretched finger, and there, sure enough, shimmering faintly in front of us, though still a long way off, was a white, compact mass—the tents, doubtless, of the man I had come so far to see. I gave a loud hurrah at this welcome sight, and thus set an example which was followed with much promptitude by Darley and the Professor, though neither had the slightest idea of what it was all about. I lost no time in communicating the stimulating news; and with one consent, we pricked up our jaded steeds, and in a wonderfully short space of time, considering the distance, we arrived at the encampment. To my surprise, it was quite a large affair, there being some thirty or forty tents and, apparently, a very considerable number of men, to say nothing of camels and horses. We drew up in front of a tent which, from its superior size and appointments, clearly belonged to the chief of the party, and we had barely dismounted from our saddles when the slip of canvas which covered the entrance was pushed on one side, and at last I stood in the presence of the veritable Benhanan, the sole living legitimate descendant of Israel's mightiest king.

At last! Yes, at last my journey was over, my object was accomplished, for before me was the man to see whom I

had left my wife and country, risked my life and lost a trusted friend! I looked at him curiously. He was a man of imposing height, much taller than either of his brothers, to whom, indeed, he bore but little resemblance, so far as I could judge, and of infinitely more commanding aspect. He could not have been less than fifty years of age, at the very least, having regard to the ages of his brethren, but on this point it was impossible to speak with any degree of certainty, for, whereas they had both

been men of old and venerable appearance, Benhanan was apparently a man in the very prime of life. His hair, which was of a rich jet black, flowed unrestrained in wavelets over his shoulder; his beard, in which, as well as his hair, I was unable to detect a single streak of greyness, was of the same raven hue, and fell in crisp, well-tended curls upon his breast; his eyes were quick and flashing, and piercing as a hawk's, and his face altogether reminded me strangely of that arch-enemy of his and mine, the Prince di Ricordo. But his was incomparably the nobler of the two; indeed, there was a regal air about him which was indubitably highly striking and imposing, and which was in an appropriate measure enhanced by the long white robe, fastened by a crimson girdle about the waist, that fell in soft, clinging, graceful folds from his shoulders to the ground. His sinewy arms were entirely bare, save for two massive gold bracelets that encircled them at the wrists. His head was likewise without covering, with the exception, if such it may be called, of a delicate fillet of the same precious metal, which he wore with all the dignity of a crowned king. Altogether, he appeared so utterly and entirely different from what I had pictured



GREETED ME WITH GREAT CORDIALITY.

in my mind, that I experienced no small amount of confusion as he stepped forward and, clasping me with both hands, greeted me with great and gracious cordiality.

He immediately invited me to enter his tent—an invitation which he was also pleased to extend to the Professor and Darley—and, in an incredibly short period, a really elegant repast, which, considering the unpromising character of the locality, seemed little short of marvellous, was placed before us in almost

dainty fashion. This was washed down with a wine, different, indeed, from anything I had hitherto tasted, but which, nevertheless, was most excellent, and indescribably grateful after the lukewarm water with which we had had to content ourselves during our long and dusty ride. After we had thus refreshed ourselves, Benhanan, who, during the progress of the repast, had confined himself to a few simple questions regarding our journey, dismissed the attendants, and, fixing his piercing eyes on me, approached for the first time that subject which, save one other, lay the nearest to my heart. It is quite impossible for me to convey any adequate idea of the absolutely regal manner of his address. I felt, in some vague way, as though I were a subject standing in the presence of his sovereign and listening to his commands—a feeling all the more remarkable since I do not ever remember experiencing it before, notwithstanding that I have numbered among my patients more than one ruler of the world.

“I am glad,” he began, in a soft, clear voice, which, in spite of its lowness, thrilled strangely through every fibre of my being, “I rejoice exceedingly that we have at last met face to face. Events have occurred—are about to occur—which render

this meeting eminently desirable. I regret that you have had to travel so far. Had it been safe for me to have done so, I would have gladly rendered it less protracted and fatiguing; but although I possess a certain amount of power, I am not able, especially at this juncture, to shape my movements exactly as I might otherwise feel disposed to do. This, of course, you will easily understand."

I bowed my head in silent token of assent. To tell the truth, that imperial figure, speaking to me in those rich, full, mellow tones, well-nigh deprived me of the inclination or ability to utter a single word. But I know I felt a dull sort of wonder that this superior being, who had sent me a message of warning but a few weeks ago couched in all the grandiose phraseology of the East, should now be addressing me in a style that would not have been out of place in a London drawing-room. And when I remembered that we were in the midst of the desert, and my eye wandered over his unfamiliar, though exceedingly appropriate and striking, attire, I marvelled all the more, though why I should have done so is not easy to say, seeing that a moment's reflection would have sufficed to remind me that this nomadic life must of necessity have rendered him a perfect cosmopolitan, with the whole world, so to speak, for his fatherland.

Perceiving that I did not reply, he continued: "I have heard from the lips of the learned Professor the story of your friend Graham's brief acquaintance with my brother—an acquaintance so swiftly terminated by the remorseless hand of death. I do not see your friend here," he went on, gazing at Darley. "Surely this gentleman cannot be he?"

Evidently, then, he was in entire ignorance of the sad fate which had overtaken Graham; and the Professor, after an inquiring glance at me, took upon himself the burden of enlightening him. He listened with darkening face to the cruel narrative, and at its tragic denouement a wave of anger swept over his handsome face, and he smote his hands passionately together, so that the golden bracelets at his wrists jangled loudly with the force of the blow. Somehow that sound seemed to me like a call to arms, as I remembered curiously afterwards.

"It is intolerable!" he exclaimed wrathfully; "it is infamous! There are no bounds to the audacity of this black son

of Hell. Both my brethren have fallen under his accursed arts, and now he strikes at me through you. I feared some misfortune was at hand, but whether I applied myself to the stars, or the crystal, or the sand"—meaning, as I supposed, geomancy—"the result was ever the same, and the fate of your friend remained hidden from my eyes."

This unloosed my tongue somewhat. "You have been able to read mine with more clearness," I burst in with almost unconscious eagerness, "and you were therefore good enough to warn me of impending danger. Tell me, I pray you, in what this danger consists, and how I may best avert it, for I will not conceal from you that recent events have only served to heighten my anxiety nearly beyond bearing."

Berhanan looked at me steadily, and I could even fancy I saw something like a gleam of affection in his haughty face. "You have come," he said slowly, "all this way to see me. It is good. I knew well that you would, for it is even so written, and man cannot escape his destiny. I am glad that it is so, for it is fit and right that you, of all men, should be present with me at the passing of those events which must soon happen. Know then, my cousin, what you have hitherto never even suspected, that you, too, have the royal blood of Solomon flowing in your veins—that you, like myself, are descended, though in a less pure and direct line, from that mighty monarch, and that it is given unto us together to accomplish the greatest, the grandest deed that has been wrought or dreamt of since our god-like ancestor was laid to sleep with his fathers."

I was so completely paralysed by this amazing declaration that I was reduced to the dumbness of a marble statue; in fact, I verily believe that at the moment these incredible words fell upon my ear I altogether resembled nothing in the world so much, for I felt as incapable of moving a joint as I did of uttering a word. Berhanan saw my confusion, and hastened to end what was now rapidly becoming to me a painful scene.

"The danger," he said gravely, "of which I wished to warn you was threatened by this man, or devil, rather, who calls himself at various times by various names, but who was then known to you as the Prince di Ricordo. Ever since you

wrested from his hands the prize he was so anxious to secure, he has hated you with a persistent and malignant completeness which you could scarce understand or believe. Though you may not be aware of it, your wife has a strongly-developed magnetic nature, especially liable to respond readily to certain forms of psychomancy, and it was the knowledge of this fact, independently of her great beauty, that induced this fiendish descendant of Balkis — ”

“ Balkis ! Balkis ! ” murmured the Professor thoughtfully ; “ let me see. Wasn’t that — ”

“ The Arabian name of the Queen of Sheba,” said Benhanan, with a heavy frown ; “ you are quite right.” My kinsman was evidently not accustomed to brook interruption kindly.

“ Of course, of course,” exclaimed the Professor with much satisfaction — these antiquarian details were as a sweet morsel under the tongue to him. “ Then he is really descended from the lady whose throne Asaf, the son of Barkhiyà, who was your respected progenitor’s vizier, if I am not mistaken, is reputed to have removed from Arabia to Jerusalem in the twinkling of an eye by the mere mention of the Most Great Name.”

The heavy frown on my kinsman’s face deepened in intensity as the Professor cheerfully unbosomed himself of this unnecessary piece of information. “ That is so,” he replied sternly, and the Professor, observing his look, wisely decided to pursue the subject no further. Then my kinsman, addressing me once more, continued.

“ Had it not been for this quality of Lady Wiseman’s, this enemy of us both might never have thought it worth his while to trouble you again, the more so that the contest with my brothers and myself for the discovery of our great ancestor’s mighty ring was more than sufficient to occupy the whole of his attention. But recent events have caused him to once more turn his eyes

in her direction, with the idea of compelling her assistance to him by means of his telesmatic powers. So much have I found out by means of my art ; but though in other matters appertaining to those things which are invisible and yet to happen, I can, by reason of my knowledge, see without hindrance, yet with regard to this I can perceive nothing clearly ; all the projections being, unhappily, blurred and indistinct.”

At these ominous words, so terribly confirmatory of the threat in Graham’s letter, and fitting in as they did so well with all my fears, I burst out into a terrible sweat. The blood, instead of standing frozen in my veins, now coursed within them like cascades of living fire. I jumped wildly to my feet.

“ Great God ! ” I gasped, and the hot words seemed to burn and crack my parched lips as they surged madly forth, so wholly was my being aflame with what I had just heard ; “ she is in peril, and from that scoundrel ! I must go to her. I must leave here instantly, at once, immediately, do you hear ? ” I screamed in a very agony of apprehension. “ Here, Darley, Schultz, my horse, I say ; where is my horse ? ” And raving thus, I staggered towards the opening of the tent.

My kinsman rose suddenly and, with a swift movement, caught my arm, forcing me gently but strongly down into a soft pile of cushions.

“ Nay, cousin,” he said in a voice full of tender sympathy, “ do nothing rashly. Listen to me, I beseech you. I believe there is no immediate danger, and, at any rate, what you propose is altogether impossible. Drink this ; it will give you courage and strength and calmness.” And he drew from his robe a small green flask of curious shape, and held it to my lips. I took a draught, and returned somewhat to my senses.

“ See here, my cousin,” he went on, still gazing at me with much concern, “ the day is far spent, and you are weary with your journey. Even now the sun touches



I STAGGERED TOWARDS THE OPENING OF THE TENT.

the horizon. Be guided by me. Retire to the tent I have set apart for you, and to-morrow we will speak further on this matter."

His manner was so kindly, and even affectionate, that I felt it impossible to offer any objection. Besides, the draught, whatever it was, was unquestionably very potent, and already I found a drowsiness creeping over me, which I felt less and less able to resist. I accordingly submitted to be led to my tent, and in an inconceivably short space of time I was sound asleep.

It must have been somewhere near midnight when I awoke with a horrible, suffocating sense of impending misfortune. For some moments I was unable to recall the events of the past few hours with any clearness, but gradually memory re-asserted itself, and they unfolded themselves one by one before me in dismal panoramic array. I blushed as I remembered my passionate, incoherent utterances the previous evening, though, to be sure, my wild and sudden outbreak was very excusable in the face of what I had just been told. What man, indeed, could calmly hear that the eyes of a former and unscrupulous lover had been again turned desirously upon his wife, while he, her natural protector, was thousands of miles from her side and utterly impotent to intervene? The bare suggestion was nothing short of Hell, and I ground my teeth in savage fury at its recollection.

The recrudescence of these scarifying thoughts threw my mind once more into a state of feverish perturbation, though, thanks to Benhanan's powerful potion, I felt much calmer and stronger, and more able to take a dispassionate view of the situation than before. Finding, however, that I could sleep no more that night, I pushed aside the canvas slip that covered the entrance to my tent and stepped forth on to the warm, soft sand without.

It was a glorious scene that met my view. As far as the eye could reach, everything was bathed in a silver sea of light, and, under that cold, effulgent flood, lay buried in slumber heavy as the tomb. There was no sound or movement anywhere, and as I gazed upon that awful solitude, there was a weirdness in its very beauty that struck me with a solemn fear. At the back of the encampment rose precipitously a rocky ridge, distant, as I guessed, about half a mile; and this ridge

I felt a sudden desire to climb, in order, as I told myself, to behold to the best advantage this strangely enchanting Oriental landscape, shimmering under the witchery of that marvellous Eastern moon. I started with the intention of carrying this impulse into effect, but I had not proceeded many steps when another and equally strong impulse caused me to turn back to my tent and slip into my pocket the revolver which I had brought with me from England in case of any emergency. I might, I thought to myself, meet, perchance, with some prowling beast of the night; and, at any rate, prudence dictated the propriety of never being unarmed in the desert, where the unexpected may, and does, so frequently occur.

The rocky range was farther off than I had at first imagined, and it took me the best part of an hour to cover the intervening space between it and the camp. Also, when I did arrive at its base, I found it far more rugged and elevated than I had bargained for, and I saw that its ascent would be neither easy nor pleasant. Indeed, its huge, frowning boulders, which projected curiously in all sorts of queer shapes and angles, looked as though they might well have been heaped together by giant hands with a view to deter the rash and adventurous from attempting to achieve the summit. But I am naturally a resolute man—obstinate, I believe some of my kind friends go so far as to style me—and having once determined to ascend that rocky eminence, I was not going to be turned from my purpose by the difficulty of its accomplishment. After infinite trouble and many bruises, I overcame the last of the obstacles, and stood triumphantly upon the top of one of the lesser peaks, surveying, with folded arms, the lovely scene at my feet.

I might have been standing thus wrapt in silent admiration for some five minutes, when a mocking laugh behind me caused me to turn my head quickly in the direction from which it appeared to emanate. The sight which met my astounded eyes will remain burnt in upon my soul through all eternity. There, at a distance of about thirty paces or so, I saw standing before me, with extended arms, the figure of the man whom above all others I had most cause to hate and fear—the man who called himself indifferently the Prince di Ricordo, Hussein Pacha, and God knows what else besides, but whom I verily be-

lieved in my heart at that moment to be either the devil himself or one of his chief emissaries. His face was half towards me, with a diabolical look of exultant malignity upon it, and a hellish smile wreathed contemptuously over his features as he saw me quiver with astonishment and heard my cry of horror. But further than this, he took no notice of my presence, but went on extending and withdrawing his arms with that curious undulating movement which had attracted and held my attention upon the occasion of our first meeting, and which I had such good cause to remember.

I stood rooted to the spot as though spell-bound, as indeed I was, gazing with bulging eyes at that devil, with his softly swaying arms, the lengthened shadows of which flitted hither and thither in the streaming moonlight until at times they seemed to almost touch my feet. I stood, I say, gazing at him thus, with a terrible,

nameless fear gnawing the while at my heart. Then my eyes seemed to nearly start from my head, for I saw another figure slowly approaching, and a great cry of horror and despair came welling to my lips, only to die away unuttered, for there —oh, fearful, unnatural sight!—I beheld my wife, with her long hair floating wildly behind her and her arms outstretched to their widest extent, gliding noiselessly, unhesitatingly, willingly towards the mocking devil who stood there as though beckoning her to his deadly and loathsome embrace.

Slowly my wife passed over the space which separated her from this beckoning monster. Slowly but surely she drew nearer to those extended arms, while I stood as one paralysed, watching this frightful sight without the power to interpose. Nearer and still nearer she came gliding on, until the tips of her outstretched fingers almost touched his accursed hands. Then, like a flash, the numbness passed. At the sight of this infamous desecration, my bodily and mental activity returned and, drawing my revolver, I pointed it full at the face of this destroying devil, and fired.

I was cool enough now to watch narrowly the effect of my shot, and I distinctly saw a red mark form in the centre of the forehead as he threw up his arms above his head. The next moment my ears were deafened by a terrific crash, while the dust flew up in such dense clouds as to totally obscure everything from my view. When it cleared, I saw that a huge mass



I POINTED IT FULL AT THE FACE OF THIS DEVIL, AND FIRED.



GAZING INTENTLY INTO A SMALL CRYSTAL MIRROR.

of rock from an adjacent and more lofty peak had fallen upon the spot where I had last seen the forms of the Prince di Ricordo and my wife. Blinded, bewildered and sick at heart, I scrambled down as best I could from where I had been standing and, regardless of cuts and bruises, made my way back to the camp at the top of my speed. It was still buried in death-like slumber. Apparently the crash of the falling rocks had not reached the ears of the sleepers, but I did not hesitate. This was no time to stand upon ceremony, and I boldly entered the tent of Benhanan, with the intention of rousing and informing him of what had just transpired. But there was no need to awaken him. To my surprise, he was already up, and gazing in-

tently into a small crystal mirror which he held in his hands. He turned to me with a melancholy smile, as though he had been expecting my arrival, and, before I could find it in me to utter a single word, he said :

"There is no need for you to tell me what you have just witnessed; I likewise have seen it all. 'Tis but a vision conjured up for your alarm by that arch-fiend who hates us both so well."

I was too astonished at hearing him speak thus to offer any remark, and he continued :

"I can, however, tell you something more than you have seen. Lady Wiseman has indeed left London, arriving at Cairo a few hours after you had departed."



"WHERE IS SHE NOW?"

"What?" I exclaimed furiously. "You tell me this? and now only? Where is your boasted friendship, that you did not speak of this before?"

"Cousin," replied Benhanan, looking me mournfully in the face. "I knew it not myself an hour ago."

"Where is she now, then?" I cried, in bitter and uncontrollable anguish. "In God's name, tell me that, if you know, so that I may, at any rate, hasten to her protection."

And like a knell to my heart there came the terrible answer: "She is even now far on the road to Persepolis."

"To Persepolis!" I shouted, almost mad with excitement at this fresh blow; "then to Persepolis I go at once! At least, you cannot offer any opposition to that."

"Cousin," returned my kinsman gravely, "not only do I offer no opposition, but, if you will but tarry until the break of day, I will myself accompany you, for it is at Persepolis, if at all, that the talismanic signet of our great ancestor will finally be found."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Pens and Pencils of the Press.

By JOSEPH HATTON,

Author of "Journalistic London," "By Order of the Czar," "Under the Great Seal," &c., &c.

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## MR. COMYNS CARR.

**I**N the best sense of the term, Mr. Joseph William Comyns Carr is what our American friends call a "Britisher." His mother was Miss Comyns and an Irishwoman. His father was an Englishman of the North. He was born and educated in London. In 1870 he matriculated at the London University. Two years later he was called to the Bar. He joined the Northern Circuit, and for a year or two practised his profession. Irish blood is impatient. There was not enough Yorkshire in the young barrister's composition to anchor him to a desk or make Circuit, without briefs, a tolerable occupation; otherwise Mr. Carr undoubtedly possessed forensic powers that, with opportunity, could not have failed to bring him distinction as an advocate. The legal anchor dragged. Carr drifted into journalism. He had already been in the habit of writing for the *Globe*, the *World*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Examiner*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Before he had given up the Bar he was, indeed, the art critic of the last mentioned journal. In 1875 he began to devote himself altogether to journalism. He accepted the English editorship of the French illustrated weekly *L'Art*. His authority as a critic had already been acknowledged in cultured circles; this and his editorial position on the famous French review led to his association with Sir Coutts Lindsay and Mr. Hallé in the establishment of the Grosvenor Gallery. In company with Mr. Hallé, he continued to be a director of the Grosvenor until he severed his connection with Sir Coutts and founded the New Gallery, again in association with his friend Hallé. Mr. Carr is the author of several important works on art, notably "Drawings

by the Old Masters," "The Abbey Church of St. Alban's," "Essays on Art," "Examples of Contemporary Art," and "Art in Provincial France." Like many another student and critic in the fine art world of painting, sculpture and architecture, Mr. Carr has shown a special leaning to the sister art of the stage. The fascination of the theatre has always been with him. In his earliest newspaper engagements he wrote theatrical notices. Members of the actor's calling are among his closest friends. Outside art criticism and the serious labour of journalistic essays, his pen has found recreation in writing for the stage. He is the author of a dramatic version of Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd." It was produced at the Globe Theatre in 1882. He made Conway's "Called Back" popular as a stage play. At the same time he provided Mr. Beerbohm Tree with the showy and effective part of "Macari," from which dates Mr. Tree's first recognition as a foremost actor in what are called character parts. Mr. Tree also played the hero of "Dark Days," which is another of Mr. Carr's dramatisations of a Conway novel. "Called Back" achieved considerable financial as well as artistic success, and "Dark Days" was considered to be a skilful dramatic work. When Mr. Tree entered upon the lesseeship of the Haymarket Theatre he invited Mr. Carr to become associated with him in the capacity of literary adviser. This was a collaboration that worked admirably. It was especially evident in several of the Haymarket's most worthy productions and in many other ways. Mr. George Alexander has followed in Mr. Tree's footsteps in associating Mr. Charles Dickens with the St. James's management. Four or five years of literary advisership was, however, enough for



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Mr. Carr. The restless Irish blood once more overmastered the Yorkshire strain. He must have a theatre of his own ; a theatre at least where he had supreme control, where the actor-manager ceased from troubling and the adviser was at rest. When it was announced that Mr. Carr had taken the Comedy Theatre a chorus of journalistic encouragement welcomed the literary manager. It was pointed out that if ever a man had been well trained for the position, it was Comyns Carr. Art critic, journalist, author, playwright, promoter and manager of art galleries, he had served a varied art and managerial apprenticeship that was of distinct value in the direction of an ambition to uphold the best traditions of the English theatre. So far he has not disappointed either the hopes or forecast of his friends and the Press. Meanwhile he has been engaged in the ambitious work of a poetical play on the beautiful theme of " King Arthur " for Mr. Irving, which promises to be not the least worthy of the Lyceum repertoire.

" Do you know of any branch of literary work more interesting than biography ? " I asked my friend the other day, with a view to a sketch of his career that should combine something of the individuality of the man with the few biographical facts that introduce this chapter in the personal history of the Press.

" None," he said : " There is no life, however uneventful, that is not worth writing."

" Then no false modesty will, I hope, deter you from telling me your story ? "

" Not at all. Have a cigar ? " he said, handing me a box of excellent Havanas. " My life has been singularly uneventful, but full of very hard work."

I am not a great smoker, but I pay tribute to the sympathetic magic of a cigar. It is as useful an aid to conversation as to reflection. My host was speedily in a cloud of thought and smoke. A remarkable looking man, he leaned back in his chair and watched a smoke ring till it dissolved. Let me sketch him in this attitude. Slightly beyond the medium height, broad shoulders, strongly built, a trifle too stout for an athlete, he is English in his restful suggestion of power. He has a large, intellectual head, a full brown beard, with silver streaks here and there, brown hair with a curl in it, calm grey eyes, and his complexion is fair. It is the

face of a worker, and I thought, as he sat and smoked and watched the dissolving rings, that there is a physiognomy belonging to the journalist which his might illustrate. He was dressed in a loose grey working suit, such as a country gentleman might wear on a shooting or fishing excursion, and he sat at his desk among the tools of his avocation. It was a small, unpretentious, plainly-furnished room, at the back of his unpretentious house in Blandford Square. Books, pictures, cigars, manuscripts, a sketch by Burne Jones, a photograph of a famous Old Master, a few magazines, the morning paper, a big gazetteer, a painted model of the principal set for his newest production at the Comedy Theatre, an easy-chair or two, may be said to represent tools and furniture ; and here we sat and smoked and talked, and Comyns Carr, as I hope to show you, is a very good talker.

" I developed at school an aptitude for mathematics," he said, " and my master wanted me to go to Cambridge. I am forty-five now, and I left school at sixteen. My parents had a family of ten, and they could not afford to send me to the University. I went into business ; my father was a business man. From sixteen to nineteen I was on the Stock Exchange. I dabbled in literature at the same time, but not successfully. My first appearance in print is an amusing incident. Among the papers to which I sent my ' copy ' was the *Dramatic and Musical Record*, conducted by Arthur O'Niel, brother of the painter of ' Eastward Ho ! ' I had sent the editor a review of a new volume by Longfellow. I went to the office and bought a copy of the paper. My article was not in. On the counter I picked up a copy of the *Labour News*, a publication devoted to the exploiting of emigration. To my surprise I found it contained an article utterly out of place in its columns—my review of Longfellow. Both papers, it turned out, were produced by the same printer ; the dramatic paper having too much copy for the week and the emigration journal too little, they transferred my essay to the latter.

" After my three years experience of the Stock Exchange, I did not like it. I induced my father to let me study for the Bar. I entered at the London University ; took honours in first LL.D. examination ; but before I got to the second, I found that literature was absorbing all my attention ;

I was called to the Bar, went on the northern circuit, but finally resolved to ally myself with journalism and authorship; went on the *Echo* as dramatic critic under Arthur Arnold, and with Barrère, the French Consul, who made so much fuss in Egypt, as a colleague. From the *Echo* I went upon the *Globe*, and wrote a series of articles on "Painters of the Day," under the signature of "Ignotius," which led to my becoming acquainted with Burne Jones and Rossetti."

"Forgive me for interrupting you to ask you about these two men, in whom cultured Americans take an even greater interest than English people. I know you admire them; tell me on what special grounds."

"I think Rossetti," he said, "one of the most interesting individualities to meet personally that I ever knew, or am likely to know. He was a vigorous and, at the same time, a most delicate talker, with more force and more subtlety than almost any man I can think of, and he had the singular and delightful power of making young men say the best that is in them, encouraging them to talk of high subjects without fear of ridicule or reproof. I remember him at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea (his house was near Carlyle's), curling himself up on his sofa after his day's painting was over, allowing me to launch out on all kinds of subjects connected with literature and art, and listening and talking himself in the broadest and most catholic spirit. An idea prevails that his nature was effeminate; but whatever of this may be found in his work, it was not reflected in the man himself. No man who met him could doubt the masculine character of his mind; and I think any man who knew him could understand the influence he exercised on his contemporaries. Burne Jones said to me: 'Rossetti was the real pioneer in the new march of art, with the alliance of Morris in the range of poetry.' Rossetti inspired Burne Jones. In a letter which I had from Burne Jones he says: 'Rossetti was the first man who led me to trust to my imagination.'"

"Thank you. Now to pick up the thread we dropped when I interrupted your own story."

"Well," he went on, "from the *Globe* I went to the *Pall Mall*, under Greenwood, and from this time everything seemed to come easy as regarded journal-

ism; but an income made by mere journalism is the hardest-earned income in the world. One of the strange things is that, with rare exceptions, increase of power and aptitude in your work leads to little or no increase in your pay. One of the exceptions is some special engagement. At one time, and during one year in particular, I was writing for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Saturday Review* and the *World*, and my income was not more than some of you men who are novelists as well as journalists make out of a story."

"May I ask what it was?"

"About £1,000 for the year," he replied.

"Sir Edward Russell, the accomplished editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*," I remarked, "had a similar experience when he was on the *Morning Star* in London."

"At one time," continued my host, "I was writing as many as three articles a week for the *Saturday Review*. I wrote the series of articles in the *World* on the London Press. From that time my work was intimately connected with art. I became connected with the Grosvenor Gallery immediately after its foundation, and this new departure in my career was brought about through a series of letters which I wrote in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the 'Reform of the National Gallery,' letters upon which Sir Charles Dilke founded a motion in the House of Commons for an inquiry. I was appointed the English editor of *L'Art*, and became also a constant contributor to the *Portfolio*, and at one time I wrote for the *Art Journal*."

"The exhibition of original sketches a year or two back at the Grosvenor showed Sir Burne Jones to be an extraordinary draughtsman, and I think art critics are unanimous in this opinion; but serious objection is taken to his colour."

"In discussing colour," said my host, "we must not forget that what is admirable in realistic colour becomes entirely incompatible when fitted to a scheme of ideal design. In the treatment of nude flesh, the portrait painter wants to get all those very accidents of surface which, in representing the decorative or ideal in painting, disturb the intention and interest of the work; great realism of texture or surface would distract the eye and destroy the harmony of the composition. Perhaps the strongest sign of Burne Jones's understanding of his own art lies in the conditions he imposed upon himself in the

technical treatment of his material. The revival of poetical painting is only a few years old. From the death of Titian almost until our own day painting has been imitative. Experiments in another direction were made by Haydon and Barry, but they were failures. They were failures because these men, having poetic ambition, thought at once to revive the complete art of men like Michael Angelo and Raphael; whereas the source of the success of the art begun by Rossetti and carried on by Burne Jones lies in the recognition by these men that if poetical painting is to be revived, the movement must begin from a point in the history of Italian painting nearer its source, and hence they sought their inspiration in what are called the Poetical Schools of Italy."

"You have not travelled in America?"

"Only in imagination. I have not yet had time for the pleasant holiday you suggest to me."

"But you know all about her art progress?"

"I am deeply interested in America, as all Englishmen are, and know all that one can know about American art and affairs from books and newspapers, and from our cousins whom one meets in London."

"Have you formed any ideas as to the present position of American art, its prospects in the future and its relation to the art of England?"

"Well, up to now," he answered, "so far as we are concerned, England in art is where America changes boats. With the exception of designs by such men as Church, Lafarge and Frank Millet, who seem to me to be three distinct and remarkable individualities—with these exceptions American art proper has drawn inspiration from what has been done in England."

"I have remarked," I said, "in America considerable changes in this respect. The United States, when first I visited the country, was entirely, it seemed to me, under the influence of French art, and did not offer a single point of hope that she would ever have a School of her own; and even to-day many American artists are really French artists—French in education and training, in technique, in choice of subjects and in treatment. But there are great signs now of a new ambition, a national ambition, and I have often thought that a closer study of the Dutch and English Schools than has hitherto

been given to them by American artists would have a beneficial influence in the direction of that ambition. But this is by the way; I know that you take a lively interest in the black-and-white work of America."

"The artists who draw in black-and-white," he answered, "seem to me to be moved by a different spirit from that which inspires American painters—a spirit that is derived from the grace of old England I have noticed among these American artists and, indeed, among one's American friends generally, the keenest delight in those aspects of English country which seem to represent to them the old England of history. I notice in many numbers of the *Century* and *Harper's* a dainty and sweet expression of the same spirit—a delight in the green and pastoral and picturesque character and costumes, of scenes that recall the England and the English of yesterday and all that remains to tell the story of the England of yesterday. So much does this strike me that I question if any Englishman feels and appreciates the picturesqueness and grace of old England from this artistic standpoint as truly as does Edwin Abbey, who draws for *Harper*. He treats the England of the last and beginning of the present century with something more than an Englishman's sentiment. It has always been a pleasure to me to note the quick delight of men who are our brothers on their first visit to England; and I can understand their pleasure in seeing the country-side, the green meadows, the old-world villages, the pastoral lanes, with a fresh eye and without the check of fatigue that belongs to habitual custom and constant association with the old country. I cannot help thinking that all this will eventually find a place in painting as well as in black-and-white, and that the *Century* and *Harper* artists, from the work they have done in engraving, will prove powerful factors in the establishment of an American School of painting. The American draughtsman, working for this periodical literature, is a pioneer in this direction. He has to concern himself with English subjects, and he is compelled into the society of the English literary man and often into collaboration with him; so that tastes and circumstances too, intensify his interest in the country, which his pictures cultivate and promote among his countrymen at home. Now, as we are more or

less on the subject of wood engraving in connection with the black and white art of America, I want to confess my frankest admiration of American wood engraving. In the controversy as expressed by Linton, and younger ideas as exhibited in the work of men like Cole, I fancy that they are all agreed that they owe much to Linton's great love of his art; but I think, in their stand against the limits he strives to set to its exercise, the Americans have the right on their side."

"How do you fix Linton's ideas of the limitation of the engraver's art?" I asked.

"Linton's ideas of the function and scope of the art are mainly founded on our own Bewick, who is looked upon by all writers on wood engraving as the founder of the art in its modern sense; and the position that the admirers of Bewick set up claims that wood engraving of the highest point should rank as an independent art, with its own special means of expression, not directly imitative of any other artistic process. But wood engraving has, in fact, a much later history than that. In all its early operations it was frankly an art of reproduction; and the finest woodcuts of the early Schools were, in fact, careful copies of designs in pure line made with special regard to existing limitations of the wood-cutter's art, and also with regard to the companionship it was destined to enjoy with the printed text. In the later history of wood engraving, no doubt a marked kind of perfection has been achieved by imitating processes of steel and copper with good effect, showing that the wood engraver has splendid resources of his own, quite independent of his model; but the fact remains that the main use and purpose of wood engraving must always be to reproduce original work in another material, and I see no sort of reason why the younger American School should be debarred from trying to reproduce the touch of the painter's brush or the delicate tones of a drawing in wash."

Carr talks well about engraving and processes of reproduction because he has thought well. In these days, when pictorial illustration forms a leading feature of so many newspapers and periodicals, his views on black and white are of great interest. He was, for some years, editor of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, during which time he gave to that periodical those very characteristics which at the

present time make it distinguished amongst illustrated periodicals. Mr. Carr's accomplished wife has made a mark in imaginative literature, and her knowledge of costume and her taste in the matter of textile fabrics make her a useful ally in the Comedy management.

#### MR. AARON WATSON.

CONTRASTS of men and contrasts of work are great and varied in journalism. From the pen that seeks its own subjects independently of editorial control, we pass on to the practical newspaper man, who finds a theme in every current topic of public interest and is ready to sacrifice his own literary predilections to the requirements of his paper. An absorbing love of the arts drew Mr. Comyns Carr in the direction of criticism; a high appreciation of one of its most fascinating branches has made him a dramatist and a theatrical manager. Mr. Aaron Watson has found journalism a sufficiently versatile occupation. Unlike many of his contemporaries, however, he began where most men are content to leave off. He was an editor from the first. Having qualified himself as a reporter, in lieu of employment in that direction, he accepted the editorship of an eight-page weekly at Hulme, Manchester. Born in Derbyshire in 1850, he was three and twenty when he commenced his journalistic career, which led him gradually through a provincial training to the editorship of the *Echo*, which he held with distinction for several years.

From his first occupation at Hulme, Mr. Watson went farther north and started the *Newcastle Critic*. This enterprise not achieving financial success, in 1874 he joined the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* as assistant editor. Always alert in the recognition of talent and generous in its advancement, Mr. Joseph Cowen promoted Mr. Watson to special work on his powerful and popular daily. He became an active member of the editorial staff, which he held until 1880. At this time, he and his chief finding themselves not altogether in political sympathy, Mr. Watson resolved to rest from regular newspaper work and try his fortune in the more independent field of literature. While I was writing the Stephenson centennial number of the *Illustrated London News*, he was similarly

engaged for the *Graphic*. I only learnt this recently, and was glad to know the man who had written so well of my favourite industrial hero. One day Mr. Watson resolved to go back to London. Who that has once been domiciled with "the stony-hearted step-mother" can ever be content away from the miseries and pleasures of her environment? Mr. John Morley was editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Watson sought the editorial room, and was turned on to what was called the turn-

over article. He did excellent work in such papers as "The Morgues of London," "The Fighting Gangs" and "An Opium Smoke in the East End." While bent on making a position as an author, his labours continued in the direction of the literature that peculiarly belongs to modern newspaper work. Once a journalist, if not always a journalist, a man never loses his taste for a class of writing that brings him into immediate touch with the great reading public. Watson contributed essays and sketches to the *Weekly Dispatch*, the *Evening News*, the *Magazine of Art* and *Chambers' Journal*.

It was at this time of his London career of free lance that he accepted the editorship of the *Echo*, then the only half-penny evening paper in town. The Provinces had their halfpenny papers—our



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great cities outside the capital have often led the van of progress. When, after some years, Messrs. Cassell sold the *Echo* and the new proprietor changed its politics, Mr. Watson found himself once more untrammeled in his choice of work, but his choice held him in the path of practical journalism, with occasional excursions into the busy world of municipal and civic life, and holiday trips into the regions of imaginative literature. He took editorial charge of the *Shields*

*Gazette*. For seven years he worked among the shipping, mining and manufacturing industries of the Tyne, took an active part in local affairs, spoke for this public object and the other, and contributed regularly to the *Newcastle Daily Leader*. As if this were not enough for a man of the most unbounded energy, he wrote a novel, collected his fugitive articles and published them, and, in fiction, made a conspicuous success with "For Lust of Gold" and "The Marquis of Carabas."

Mr. Watson is a typical newspaper man, with the double training of London and the Provinces and a taste for the finer work of literature, but not so strong as to suppress the restless instinct of the publicist and man of affairs, who is mostly a born journalist.



HIDDEN SKETCHES.—A RAIN OF FLOWERS.—FIND THE GRANDMOTHER AND THREE BROTHERS.



# ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD

By DAISY PENDER CUDLIP.

*Author of "Attached to the Regiment," "For the Child's Sake," "Lips that are Near," "A Rumoured Engagement," &c. &c.*

## CHAPTER I.

**A** LAZY, hot afternoon in August. Not a breath of wind stirring the leaves of the trees, or making the faintest ripple on the intense blue of the water that came lapping drowsily on to the little pebbly beach.

The little fishing village of Porthtowan, usually so brisk and lively, was following nature's example and taking a siesta. No one seemed to be stirring, and there was absolutely no sound to break the deep stillness that usually prevails about three o'clock on the afternoon of an intensely hot day.

On the bench in front of a boat-house three ancient mariners sat, their pipes gone

out, their arms folded and their eyes closed, half asleep, warming their old bones in the hot sunshine. On the beach a shock-headed boy was sprawling full length, one arm thrown across his face to shade it from the glare, while the other was stretched out carelessly, the palm of the hand turned up, with the fingers in the graceful curve that is only seen in the utter abandonment of repose. Presently down the little village street sauntered a man and a girl, her scarlet sunshade making a brilliant patch of colour, and casting red reflections on to the whitewashed walls of the cottages as they slowly came towards the beach. Arrived there, they stood still for a moment, the girl gazing dreamily at the sea, while the man gazed intently at the girl, so much so that involuntarily she turned and looked at him; but it was not the colour of her sunshade that was responsible for her glowing face just then.

"Shall we take the boat out, May?" he asked. Nodding her head in assent, as if afraid of breaking the spell of silence, she led the way to where the little brown dinghy was drawn up high and dry on the beach. The silence hitherto had been complete, but the spell was broken by the scraping noise of the boat running over the pebbles down to the water's edge. The shock-headed boy jumped up quickly and shook himself: the familiar sounds, breaking suddenly in upon his dreams, brought him back to the realities of life. The three ancient mariners woke up to find their pipes had gone out, and to go on with the yarns that had been interrupted by sleep an hour before.



A woman came to the door of the little inn and shook a duster, yawning as she did so, completely doing away with the impression she had meant to convey, namely, that *she*, at any rate, had not been taking a siesta. The sharp slap of the duster, as she shook it, had the undesired effect of waking up the baby next door; and, roused by its lusty cries, the whole village machinery was once more set in motion.

Meanwhile the two who were responsible for this change had drifted away from the beach, the girl guiding the tiller with her little sunburnt hand, while the man pulled lazily at the oars. He was a striking-looking man, this Leonard Davies — tall, broad-shouldered, with a figure well knit, giving an impression of strength with suppleness, while he carried his head erect as a soldier and a gentleman should. Looking at his face, the most casual observer would be struck at once by the look of almost stubborn determination written there, before which everything must give way. Perhaps, however, his eyes were the most striking feature of his face. It would be difficult to say exactly what colour they were; they seemed to take so many varying reflections, the jet black lashes throwing a deep shadow and making the hazel of the iris appear darker than it was in reality. They were eyes that an untruthful or shifty person would avoid, for they seemed able to read the innermost thoughts of the one on whom they fixed their strangely penetrating gaze. A pair of well-defined eyebrows, lying straight above the eyes on a broad and not too low forehead, carried out still further the look of determination and intellectuality, while the full, flexible curves of the well-coloured lips indicated the "essentially human" side of his nature. In fact, he was a man of strong passions, held in check by a dominating, yet decidedly stubborn, will.

It has been said that "man is fire and woman tow, and the devil brings them together." Certainly, if that is the case, May Leslie was just the sort of woman who would be as tow to this man's fiery nature. Possessed of strong vitality, she lived every moment of her life, either suffering keenly or enjoying keenly. Her sensitive nature answering readily to all outside influences, either happy or otherwise. Therefore it was not in the least strange, when this man crossed her path, that she should be attracted by his strong

personality, while he, on the other hand, was puzzled and fascinated by the many-sidedness of her character.

As yet no words of love had passed between them; they had seen a great deal of each other, and, of course, instinctively knew that they were drifting into those dangerously sweet paths where the presence of each to the other makes the sweetness. They had met some months before at a dance, but it was not until Mrs. Leslie and her two girls settled down at this quiet little village, to live a life of strict economy, that they were thrown much together. But just above the village on the heights was a fort, where at this time two companies of the Royal Wessex Regiment were quartered: Leonard Davies being the captain of one of them. So it happened that, instead of perpetually going into the neighbouring town, which was the garrison town, he used to prefer going to a certain quaint little cottage in Porthtowan, where he was sure of a welcome from one pair of eyes at least. May's sister, Nelly, was many years younger, being only thirteen, and the most incorrigible tom-boy. But the three of them were on the best of terms, and many a pleasant afternoon had they spent together, wandering idly on the rocks, Nelly always choosing the most inaccessible points, or pulling about the coast, and exploring caves in the little brown dinghy that belonged to the Leslies. Mrs. Leslie, being an invalid, and, moreover, disliking the sea, very seldom went out in the boat, but was quite willing that the girls should go, if they wished, provided there was someone who would be responsible for their safety. Consequently, Captain Davies gladly took the responsibility, which threw May and himself very much together during those lovely summer months.

On this particular afternoon he had come down from the Fort as usual to take the girls out for a row; but Nelly, for a wonder, was cross and generally upset by the heat, and announced her intention of staying at home. Leonard Davies and May, however, did not press her to join them, as she had meant them to do, but went without her, nothing loath at being alone together. The village of Porthtowan was in the corner of a very sheltered bay, the land on the right running out to a point thickly covered, right down to the water's edge, with luxuriant foliage.

It was here that these two guided the

boat on this particular afternoon in August. They turned the bows of the boat into a long, narrow cove, and, shipping oars, drifted silently up to a tiny sandy beach, deliciously cool and shady after the glaring heat outside. Leonard jumped out of the boat and held out his hands to May, who, placing her two little brown hands in his, sprang lightly down by his side.

"Take care, the rocks are very slippery; you must let me guide you safely across them," he said, still retaining a firm hold of one of the hands so confidently resting in his, and so led her across the slippery ground to a comfortable seat on the rocks.

"How charmingly cool and pretty you look this afternoon," he said; "I like you in that white thing awfully," touching the sleeve of her white boating-dress as he spoke.

"Do you?" she answered, laughing. "I'm glad my appearance pleases your lordship," and getting up, she made him a mock curtsey, a thousand mischievous glances dancing in her eyes as she turned them full upon him. It was a battery against which the man was not proof. He caught her hands and said, "If you look at me like that, I must kiss you; so be careful."

"You wouldn't dare!" she laughed back; and what evil spirit was it that prompted her still to look straight into his eyes with that merry, defiant look? that said, as plainly as possible, "Kiss me," while all the time her heart was thumping with the conviction that she should hate him to kiss her, and yet—she hardly knew; her brain seemed in a whirl, and before she knew how it happened, his arms were round her, straining her passionately to his heart, which she could feel beating violently. His face was close to hers; in another second their lips would have met, when a fierce, angry light came into her eyes, and throwing back her head out of his reach, panting with anger, she cried out, "How dare you!" Instantly he let her go, and she would have fallen had he not caught hold of her arm, for she was trembling violently.

"I beg your pardon," he said in a cold, cutting voice.

"How dare you?" May repeated, her eyes blazing and her breath coming in little, short, uneven gasps with the sudden-



CHARMINOLY COOL AND PRETTY.

ness of her anger. For answer Leonard turned and looked steadily at her, the look of grave reproof puzzling her.

"What was your motive in trying to humbug me?" he said in a tone that roused all the girl's fighting instincts; and in a moment this yielding little bit of womanhood became hard and stubborn as the veriest mule.

"I don't know what you mean," she said; "and, moreover, I question your right to take that tone with me; it is for you to beg my pardon."

"I do most sincerely," he answered; "but," he continued, "you must acknow-

ledge that it was your own fault. You led me on to do it."

An indignant denial was on her lips, but the words were checked just as she was about to utter them as she caught sight of the look on his face. Instantly she saw that she had led him on, and that it was useless denying it when he saw through her so plainly; but, on the other hand, no power on earth should drag an acknowledgment of this from her lips. She was angry with herself for her folly, but, with the justice of her sex, she was ready to vent her anger on the man. She was angry with him for not divining at once why she was angry, forgetting that she herself hardly knew, so mixed were the workings of her mind. She was a woman who must be proud of anything or anybody she cared for; the man who should win her love must be stronger than herself, and now she was angry that this man should have put himself in the position of begging her pardon when, all the time, the fault had been on her side. The thing that hurt her pride in him most was that he should submit to it, but, such was the contradictoriness of her character, she would fight against his getting the upper hand until the very last gasp, although she wished him to conquer her. She hated the idea of being conquered, but still more she would hate the man for not conquering her. So, setting her teeth, she maintained a dogged silence, drawing patterns on the sand with the point of her boot and then angrily rubbing them out again when she found her companion, to her annoyance, kept silence also.

At last, her patience exhausted, she turned her head sharply round and said "Well?"

"I am waiting for your sense of justice to prompt you to say that you did not act quite fairly by me just now, May—and I'm not going to move from here until you do."

If only he had stopped at the first half of his sentence, he would have won a generous acknowledgment from her, for, although stubborn as a mule, she was open to conviction, and his words gave her the reason why she should give way, but the fatal attempt to force her hand conveyed in the last words checked the generous impulse, and roused all the pride and stubbornness in her.

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to wait for some time. Nothing shall induce me

to say it was my fault; and you've no right to try and make me say it."

"Very well; I assure you it's a matter of the smallest consequence. I find I have made a mistake in my first impression of you, but, luckily, in time not to be humbugged by you any more. Please do not trouble yourself about it in the very least; it's not worth troubling about."

The cool, deliberate way in which he spoke cut her heart like a knife at each word. The nonchalance of his manner was far more galling both to her pride and her love—yes, she acknowledged the latter now that he seemed to be drifting away from her—was far more galling than any outburst of anger or assumed superiority.

"You don't understand me," she said, and her voice sounded harsh and unnatural to herself.

"Understand you!" he replied, with a mocking laugh; "I wonder if you understand yourself? It's more than I do, but, as I said before, it really doesn't signify," and he coolly lighted a cigarette.

His manner and the tone of his words made her wince, and her lips quivered for a moment, the tears being very near the surface, but she controlled herself with an effort, glad that her momentary weakness had escaped his observation. But he had noticed it, and his assumed nonchalance gave way under the conviction that perhaps, after all, he was wronging her in thinking her a humbug. He loved her desperately and, until his doubts of a few moments ago, had been ready to stake his oath on her sincerity. But the horrible doubt that she was merely a coquette trifling with him galled him. Much as he loved her, if she was only amusing herself at his expense, she should not have the satisfaction of seeing how he suffered, so he assumed an air of indifference, which, however, gave way momentarily at the sight of the evident distress in the girl's face. He clenched his hand fiercely until the knuckles stood out hard and white like polished ivory. She saw it, and her instinct told her that his nonchalance was assumed—he really did care for her; if he had not cared, he would not have taken the trouble to be angry at her supposed defection. Impulsively she put out her hand and touched his coat-sleeve; he started violently—the mere touch of her fingers sent a responsive thrill through his whole being, but still he kept his head averted.

"Leonard, you are misunderstanding me cruelly. You think I am a common flirt and a humbug. I am not—I am not—why won't you believe me?"

"Because, having led me to make a fool of myself once, you can't expect me to be as ready to do so again. How am I to know you are not even humbugging me now, for all your apparent sincerity?" he answered, and looked at her in a way that would have cowed a less plucky woman. She met his look steadily, her head proudly thrown back, giving an unmistakable air of dignity to the little figure.

"You must know perfectly well," she answered quietly, "that I am not humbugging you, as you call it, only the suspicious part of your nature won't let you acknowledge it."

"I wonder if I can believe what you say," he replied. "You must confess you were rather to blame just now; you didn't act quite fairly by me. It was not exactly riding straight, was it?" He asked the question almost imploringly, but getting no response, he went on rather sadly: "Never mind; if you don't see for yourself that it was not quite generous, I cannot be the one to show you."

He had touched the right chord at last—he had appealed to her generosity and reason—and she responded instantly.

"I see it all, Leonard," she answered, turning her face impulsively towards him. "It was not generous of me; in fact, it was horribly mean. Will you forgive me?" The proud little head drooped, and she blushed furiously as she spoke.

"Forgive you, my darling!" drawing her gently towards him. "Why, there is nothing

now for me to forgive; rather, will you forgive me for mistrusting you? I was a brute to do it. Can you forgive me for being such a brute to you?"

"Of course I can," she answered, smiling radiantly up at him. "But, seriously, you'll never mistrust me again, will you? or I think it would kill me; you don't know how cruelly you hurt me just now."

"My darling, forgive me; my poor little woman, how could I have been such a brute?" and taking her two hands in his, he bent his head down and kissed them, as a subject might those of a sovereign. The action touched her.

"It was my own fault," she said.

"Not a word more about that," he answered gently; "that is over and done with, and you must never speak of its having been your fault again. Do you understand me, little woman?"

"Thank you," she answered, "I do understand you," raising a pair of eyes glistening with love and gratitude to his face. She had sacrificed her pride in

acknowledging herself in the wrong. This man had shown himself to be her master; and her love had conquered pride when he had conquered her. But he had done well to be generous, and so restore her pride in herself, which henceforth would find its outlet in being proud of him. How few men realise this, and many love to keep their hands on the curb, forgetting that a woman, if she has any pride, will respond far more readily if the man



"MY DARLING, FORGIVE ME."

who has once conquered her will only generously trust to her generosity. He need then never fear; he can guide her with the lightest hand, and she will respond readily.

When May said "Thank you," and looked up at him with tears of gratitude making the liquid eyes look even lovelier than ever, Captain Davies realised something of this, and determined then and there to trust his future in her hands.

"May," he said, "you must know I love you. Do you think you could love me well enough to be my wife?"

He had taken hold of her hands, and for answer she let herself be drawn gently towards him; and lifting her face, with the light of a great joy in it, to his, their lips met in a long, passionate kiss. In that supreme moment time seemed to stand still for both of them. May's heart was throbbing with a wild happiness that was almost a pain, so intense was her love that now could allow itself to find an outlet. But even the greatest moments of our lives have their ending.

With a sigh of happiness, May drew herself away from him, but only to let her head rest caressingly on his shoulder, while his arm was round her.

"Am I only dreaming, or is it real, that you have asked me to be your wife?" she said.

"Stern reality, little woman" he answered. "I shall ask your mother to give you to me soon; we've nothing to wait for, and I want my little wife."

"I'm just the very happiest and proudest girl in the whole world," she answered. "I'm so happy that I hardly dare to realise it for fear it should escape me, as most of the things I do wish for escape me."

"You little fatalist, don't think I am going to let you go, once having got you. I'm afraid you will have just to reconcile yourself to the idea of putting up with me for the rest of your natural life."

"Leonard, my darling—my darling. I wonder if you realise how happy your love has made me?" and once more she held up her face readily and gladly for her lover to kiss.

Lost to everything but themselves, they had disregarded time and taken no notice of their surroundings. Had they not been

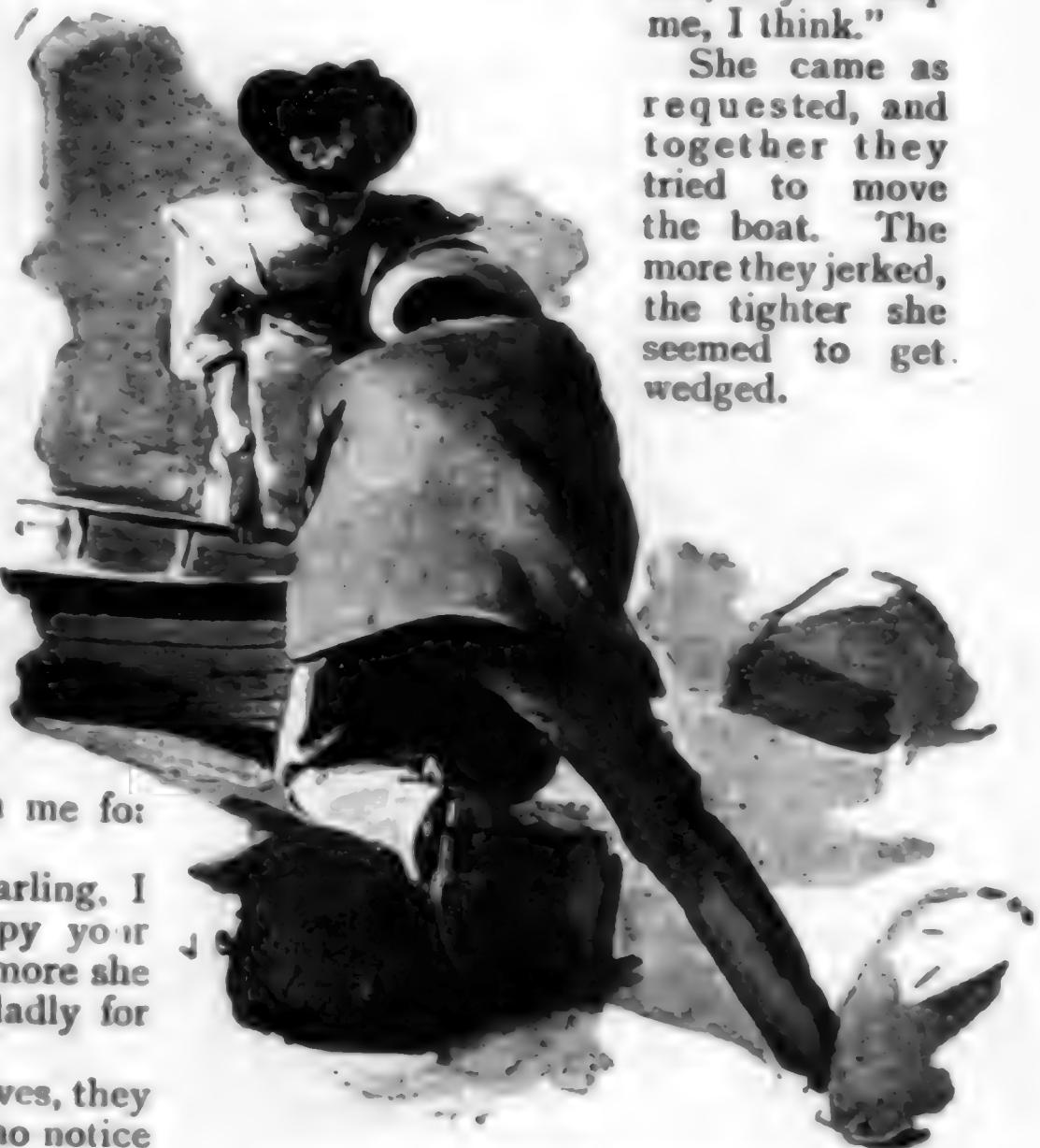
so pre-occupied they would have noticed that the tide had gone far out, leaving the boat high and dry, held fast by a rock.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Leonard Davies, when this fact suddenly revealed itself to him. "Just look at the boat; we're stuck here till next tide, unless I can get her off. Do you know it's nearly half-past six?"—looking at his watch. "I'd no idea it was so late."

He ran down to where the boat was lying and tried to shove her off; but she was heavier than he had thought, and try as hard as he would, nothing would move her, and the water-line, already about a hundred yards away, was still receding. The whole awkwardness of the situation flashed upon him, as there was no possible means of getting away except by boat, and unless he could manage to get the craft off, they would be compelled to remain there until the tide rose high enough to float it, which would be five hours at least. Anyhow, May must not suspect anything of this, or it would be more awkward than ever for her.

"Give me a helping hand, little woman," he called out; "the boat has just got wedged a bit, but I can jerk her out, if you help me, I think."

She came as requested, and together they tried to move the boat. The more they jerked, the tighter she seemed to get wedged.



TOGETHER THEY TRIED TO MOVE THE BOAT.

"What *are* we to do?" said the girl, turning pale as the idea of having to remain there struck her for the first time.

"I'm afraid there's nothing for it but to wait until the tide turns. I'll have one more try, though, to see if I can't move her; when I say three, just you give a lifting kind of a jerk, and perhaps we may manage to get her off."

But it was of no use; nothing they tried had the least effect. At last, giving it up, they sat down and looked helplessly at each other.

"I'm awfully sorry, darling, but I'm afraid we shall have to make the best of it, and wait here for the next few hours."

"I don't mind one bit," she answered, nestling closer to his side. "I should have been afraid had I been stranded here alone; but with you I don't mind a bit—with you to look after me, I have nothing to fear."

"Save from malicious tongues," he thought, but did not say so aloud. She evidently did not realise what might be said about "this escapade," as it was sure to be called, and he would be the last to put any such idea into her mind. So, resigning themselves to the inevitable, they prepared to wait, watching the gradually lengthening shadows, then the pink reflections on sea and sky cast by the setting sun, succeeded, in its turn, by the silver light of the moon as she rose, making a silver pathway on the calm water.

Although the day had been scorching, the evenings were chilly, and May shivered slightly, but tried to prevent showing she was cold. Her lover noticed it at once, however, and instantly taking off his own coat, he insisted on her putting it on, amid many protestations. They had been silent for some moments, Leonard watching the rapidly-increasing lights appear in the houses on the other side of the bay, while the girl vacantly watched the red light disappear and grow brilliant again at the end of Leonard's cigarette.

"What time is it?" she asked, at length breaking in upon his thoughts.

He looked at his watch. "Just ten minutes past nine; we can't have much longer to wait; the tide will be up in another hour or so," but in his heart of hearts he knew it would not be up sufficiently to float the boat until eleven o'clock at least.

He was torturing himself with bitter

reproaches for his carelessness in having unwittingly placed his darling in a false position, and so given the rein to malicious tongues, who are ever ready to put the worst construction on anything. The girl, for her part, was far too happy in the consciousness that they two were alone together, in this the supreme moment of her life, for any other aspect of the situation to present itself before her. It did occur to her that her mother might be anxious, and wonder what had become of her, but she quickly consoled herself with the thought that her mother would guess something of the kind had happened, and cease to be nervous, knowing that Captain Davies was there to see no harm could come to her—for as she had often said: "Captain Davies was a man who could be trusted to look after a boat." Consequently, the next two hours seemed to pass very rapidly, and it was with feelings not unmixed with regret that she learnt the boat was floated and they could go.

It was a lovely moonlight night, and once outside the cove, everything stood out as clearly as in the day. The soft, mellow light seemed to Leonard's eyes to play lovingly round the face of the girl he loved, and reveal fresh beauties in the sweet, essentially womanly face. Her dark grey hazel eyes, with the dove's ring round the iris, glowed with a deep liquid light that transformed her whole face and revealed the very depths of her soul. Her heart on her lips and her soul in her eyes, how could he help loving her; and he was proud and happy in the thought that she was to be his alone—his to love and to protect.

## CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE, in the cottage above the village, Mrs. Leslie, as the afternoon and evening wore on, began to feel anxious at the non-appearance of Captain Davies and the girls, for until Nelly casually strolled into the little drawing-room at about seven o'clock Mrs. Leslie had no idea that the others had gone without her, and great was her annoyance at finding such to be the case, especially as it was getting late, and the others had not come in.

"Why didn't you go with your sister this afternoon?" the mother asked querulously—so Nelly thought.

"Because it was so hot; and besides, they didn't want me; but they might have asked me nicely, I do think," went on

the child in an aggrieved tone; "as it was, I just showed them I didn't care, and let them go without me."

Mrs. Leslie smiled at the child's pique, but found it wiser to refrain from saying anything, as she did not want to encourage this idea that the child was right in supposing her sister and Captain Davies were just as happy to be without her. As time went on, and still they did not return, the mother's anxiety became keener at every moment. As May had rightly supposed, Mrs. Leslie guessed something of the state of affairs, but naturally her anxieties were all for the sake of her girl's good name. She felt very angry with Captain Davies for having exposed May to slanderous tongues, and more than half inclined to drop his acquaintance for the future. As ill luck would have it, after nine o'clock, when she and Nelly had finished supper and had returned to the drawing-room, a certain Mrs. Carroll, the widow of an officer who lived close to the Leslies, chose this particular evening to drop in at the cottage for a chat. She was a woman who loved gossip; a scandal was the joy of her life. During her husband's lifetime she had made herself detested by every one of his brother officers as that most obnoxious form of regimental woman, who talks of "our regiment," etc., and makes it her business to pry into the affairs of everybody. Each subaltern, as he joined the regiment fresh from Sandhurst, was taken up by this woman, who, under the pretence of being kind and "acting as a mother to the poor boy," learnt from their guileless and trusting young lips many a family and personal confidence, which, to their infinite surprise, became miraculously known to everyone before very long. At her husband's death, removed from the sphere of regimental mischief-makers, she had settled down at Porthtowan, far enough away from the garrison town of her former life for economy, but, alas for her friends, quite near enough for gossip to reach her and be made the most of by her foolish tongue—for she was more a fool than malicious. However, these are by far the most dangerous class, as, unfortunately, people believe them more readily because "they are so good-natured." Defend me from a so-called "good-natured woman."

As ill luck would have it, Mrs. Carroll chose this evening of all others to come

and have "a friendly chat" with Mrs. Leslie. In a very short time her lynx eyes noted something was wrong from Mrs. Leslie's nervous, constrained manner. "Where is May?" she queried. Before her mother could answer, Nelly chimed in with: "She went out ever so early with Captain Davies this afternoon and she hasn't come back yet."

"Not come back yet!" in tones of assumed astonishment. "My dear Mrs. Leslie, how shocking, and so compromising for poor dear May; but, perhaps, after all, it is all right, and they are engaged; I saw them in the boat from my



"MY DEAR MRS. LESLIE, HOW SHOCKING."

window this afternoon, about half-past three, and certainly"—with a smile that was meant to be genial, but had the effect of looking spiteful; "and certainly they both looked very happy."

"I beg, Mrs. Carroll, that you won't run away with any impression of that kind," replied Mrs. Leslie with dignity. "Captain Davies is an intimate friend of ours, and I for one am most grateful to him for his kindness to my girls, seeing they have no brother; and as to your saying they looked extremely happy, surely your sight must be wonderfully keen to see the expression on a face at such a distance."

"You forget my telescope, Mrs. Leslie.

You forget my little telescope." She said these words in a would-be playful and wholly exasperating manner, that made Mrs. Leslie long to shake the false smile out of her; ignoring the remark, however, she said: "I can quite see what has kept them; they have been caught by the tide or something, and I can quite trust Captain Davies not to run any needless risk." Poor woman, she did not know what to say, but she instinctively felt that she must not appear anxious before this woman.

"Of course, of course, my dear; young people have a way of forgetting such trifles as tides and other disagreeables when they are together; I quite understand *that*; but the calm way in which you take it certainly surprises me."

Mrs. Leslie only looked at her and did not answer; but that *enfant terrible*, Nelly, saw her advantage, and took it, with the remark, "that's just it, Mrs. Carroll; those two are simply awful; we should have been stranded in Smugglers' Cove heaps of times if it hadn't been for me; they never think of anyone but themselves; and it just serves them right for not taking me with them this afternoon."

There are times when a child's brutal truthfulness amounts to a vice. Mrs. Leslie thought so now, and frowned at Nelly, who, unconscious of any wrong-doing, gave her mother away by asking "what *are* you frowning at? What on earth have I done?"

There being no reply to make to this, Mrs. Leslie took refuge in silence, while Mrs. Carroll smiled knowingly and said, "I thought so; you see I was right after all; these little things seldom escape me." Then, finding she could gain no more information, she thought it wiser to withdraw, with the parting shot that she should come over the first thing in the morning to hear the cause of May's delay.

It was with a sigh of intense relief that Mrs. Leslie saw her visitor depart. Then, with an unwonted energy for her, she told Nelly to put on her things and go down to the beach with her to meet the others, as they would be sure to be back soon. Accordingly, the two set out to watch for the truants. They had not long to wait, however, for by the clear light of the moon, which was now high up in the heavens, they saw a boat emerge from the shadow of the cove known as Smugglers' Cove, and come rapidly towards the beach.

As the boat crossed the silver pathway, they could easily recognize Captain Davies and May, which Nelly, in her eagerness, did with a Coo-eey that woke the night echoes.

"Hush, my dear child," said her mother; "for goodness sake don't attract the attention of the whole place to your sister; I don't want everyone to know she is out so late alone—not but what Mrs. Carroll will let it be known soon enough." This last remark more to herself than to the child. In a few minutes the boat ran ashore, and, jumping quickly out, Captain Davies hauled her further up the beach, and then lifted May out of the boat.

"I am glad you came down to meet us," he said to Mrs. Leslie. "I'm awfully sorry that it should have happened, but the truth is we neither of us noticed how the tide was going out. I had asked your daughter if she would be my wife, and we were both too happy to notice anything of the sort. Mrs. Leslie, you will give her to me? I will try and be worthy of her." His voice took an imploring tone as he noticed the hard look of annoyance against him in her face.

"For the sake of my daughter's good name, I suppose I shall have to give my consent," she answered coldly.

"May," she went on severely, "go home at once with your sister; I will follow with Captain Davies."

Obediently she prepared to do as she was told, and with one look of love and confidence to her lover, she walked on with Nelly, her little head thrown a trifle higher than usual in indignation at her mother's suspicions. When they were out of ear-shot, Mrs. Leslie turned and, in a low, concentrated voice, said:

"Now, Captain Davies, perhaps you will explain this business."

"Explain it!" he replied aghast. "Have I not done so? I have told you exactly what happened. You surely do not suppose either of us guilty of such a piece of folly as to stay out there if we could possibly help it, do you?"

"I should hope not—at least, I am sure my daughter is not the sort of girl to lower her dignity in that way. But how am I to know that you are not taking advantage of a girl who, having no father or brother to protect her, you think you can compromise with impunity?"

"You do me a great wrong when you imply such a thing, Mrs. Leslie," he re-



"YOU MAY COME AND SEE MAY."

plied. "I love your daughter dearly, and her honour is as dear to me as my own: surely the proof of this lies in the fact of my asking her to be my wife. Thank God, I shall have the right to defend her good name now."

"You haven't, then, proposed to her from a mere sense of duty to protect her good name?" she asked doubtfully.

"Certainly not; we were engaged before we discovered that the tide had gone out, so no one can say anything, can they?"

"I hope not, I'm sure; but I'm afraid the majority won't believe it, however."

"We'll make them believe it; and don't you worry about it any more, Mrs. Leslie. You'll find a man a useful thing to have in a house, like a five-pound note or a Nasmyth hammer. People won't say disagreeable things so readily when there is a man to take up the cudgels on your behalf," and he laughed light-heartedly as he spoke.

"My dear boy, I see you are going to be a considerate son to me, and I shall rely on you entirely. As you say, a man is a useful thing to have in a house; no one realises that better than I do, for since my husband's death, I know the want of it," and she took his two hands in hers. "I shall not ask you in to-night as it is too late, but you may come and see May any time you like to-morrow. In the meantime, good-night, and think yourself lucky at having escaped my wrath so easily."

"Good-night, Mrs. Leslie," and he

turned to go; then, hesitating a moment, he said, "You'll make it all right with May, won't you?"

"And give her your love, I suppose, you foolish boy—of course I will," and with a much lighter heart than had been her portion an hour before, Mrs. Leslie made her way back to the cottage.

And very soon a good understanding was established between mother and daughter, while Nelly went to bed with the proud consciousness of having "said so all along," and proved herself right, in spite of the frowns she had received from her mother while Mrs. Carroll was there to hear her, Nelly's, ideas on the subject.

### CHAPTER III.

Good as her word, Mrs. Carroll put in an appearance the following morning, and was greeted with the news of May's engagement by Nelly, who prefaced her remarks with the words, "Didn't I say so?"

Mrs. Carroll, after effusively congratulating May, went on to say "how lucky it was that Captain Davies was such an honourable fellow, as some men would not have acted as he had done, but," she continued, "as it had all turned out well, there need nothing more be said," with many other remarks of a like nature.

May, not knowing what was in her mind, thought her rather peculiar, and then thought no more about it.

Time went on, and it was arranged that the young people should be married at Christmas, there being no reason why they should wait.

It must be confessed that the news of Captain Davies' engagement and approaching marriage was not well received by the unmarried portion of his mess. They deeply deplored the fact, for Leonard was voted by one and all a "thundering good fellow, and it was a thousand pities he should give up his bachelor freedom for any woman, let alone a chit of a girl who had apparently tricked him into matrimony," from which it may be inferred that Mrs. Carroll had, as per usual, been giving her version of the case at various tea-fights, which version had circulated very rapidly, much to poor, unoffending May's detriment.

Had Leonard known anything of this he would have been furious, but he was the last man in the world to whom anyone would repeat gossip, either about himself or anyone connected with him. Consequently he went on in blissful ignorance of the fact that he was being pitied for having been "caught" by a match-making mother and a clever, though seemingly innocent, daughter.

The wedding, which was to be a quiet affair, was fixed for the first week in January, so that the honeymoon should fit in with the leave season.

A few evenings before this the bachelors of the regiment entertained Leonard at a farewell dinner, for on his return from leave he would be Benedict, the married man, and then domestic life would claim him for its own.

They drank his health frequently, and finally with musical honours, shouting, very much out of time and tune, "For he's a jolly good fellow," but still no one proposed the health of the bride elect. At length the youngest subaltern present, who had imbibed a great deal more champagne than was good for him, got up very unsteadily and, to the consternation and horror of all, delivered himself of the following words:

"Gentlemen,—On an occasion of this sort the health of the bride-elect is usually proposed, and, as junior subaltern present, that duty devolves on me. I suppose I ought to say that pleasant duty, but I shall not, as I consider under the circumstances it is nothing of the sort." Here someone tried to stop him and pull him down to his chair, but the boy, hardly responsible for his actions, would not be stopped. "Shut up," he muttered; "I will say what I think, and what all of you think really, only you haven't the pluck to say so, that Davies has been 'caught,' and I'm not going to propose the health of a girl who tricks a man into marrying her." He shouted out the last words so as to be heard above the noise, for at his insulting words every man sprang up from his seat, and several tried to pull the boy down. As for Captain Davies he was white with rage and utter blank astonishment.

The next instant he sprang at the offender and would have knocked him down had not several others intervened.

"If you don't eat your words, you cur," he muttered, "I'll smash every

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bone in your body. What the devil is the meaning of this infernal lie?" he asked, turning to the other men; and, noting the fierce red light in his eyes, no one liked to risk a reply.

"Do you hear?" he went on. "I demand an explanation and an apology on behalf of the lady who is to be my wife."

"We are all most heartily sorry for what has occurred, and I'm sure when Barker is sober no one will be sorrier than himself," said Captain Hall, who was the senior officer present. Then, turning to one of the other men, he told him to take Mr. Barker to his quarters.

"Sorry! I should think he would be, the insolent young cad, but I shall expect something more than that. I mean to have some explanation of his meaning, which doubtless some of you can give me. In fact, in justice to Miss Leslie, I demand an explanation."

"Since you demand it, Davies, I suppose I had better tell you. I fancy Barker must have got hold of and believed the rumour about your engagement—I mean the way it happened." And Captain Hall looked very uncomfortable as he spoke. He liked Leonard very much, and it was a most painful task for him to be obliged to tell him what the rumour was.



THE YOUNGEST SUBALTERN GOT UP VERY UNSTEADILY.

"I don't understand; will you kindly speak more plainly, if you please."

Leonard was speaking very calmly and apparently unmoved, but anyone who noticed how the words came from between closed teeth and how the red light of anger blazed in his eyes would have known he was far from being unmoved.

"I hate having to tell you, old chap; but, hang me, you must know: people say you proposed to her to save a scandal."

"What!" he exclaimed, starting up fiercely, all his apparent calm forsaking him in the suddenness of the shock Captain Hall's words conveyed. "It's a lie, and I'll horsewhip the fellow who started it within an inch of his life—the brute!"

"I expect you'll find some woman is the originator, and, unfortunately, a woman cannot be horsewhipped, so thinks she may say things with impunity. But what course do you mean to take with Barker? Shall you have him put under arrest for insulting you?" Captain Hall asked anxiously.

"I should most certainly have done so had I alone been concerned," he replied. "As it is, I shall demand an apology, and hush the matter up for Miss Leslie's sake and also for the credit of the regiment. I think," he went on slowly, "Barker will probably find it advisable to exchange."

"Thanks, old fellow, I'm glad you look on it in that light; it would have been a ghastly disgrace to the regiment if this thing were known. Up to this point we have had no cads, and, as you say, Barker must go. You may look to me to help you in clearing up this affair, old chap," he went on, holding out his hand, which Leonard shook. "I fear a good many have got hold of this rumour, and we shall have to clear it up before your marriage. By the way, it's to be on Saturday, isn't it?"

"Yes, Saturday; and to-day is Monday, and, as ill luck will have it, I'm bound to run up to town to see my people on business to-morrow, and can't possibly get back until Thursday; what on earth is to be done?" and Leonard leant his head wearily on his hand. The two men were left alone, all the others having gone to discuss the affair elsewhere.

"If you will trust me with the facts of the case, I think I can make it all right for you, old chap, for when I know the facts, I shall be able to contradict all the rumours that are about."

Then Leonard told him exactly all that had happened: how he had taken May out in the boat alone, with the intention of seizing that opportunity and asking her to be his wife. How they had nearly as possible drifted away from each other, owing to a foolish misunderstanding. How that was cleared away and, on the strength of it, how he had asked her to be his wife, and how she had accepted him; and then how, some time after, they had discovered the tide had gone out, leaving the boat high among the rocks, and preventing their leaving the cove until the return of the tide. He also told how Mrs. Leslie had met them on the beach, and the subsequent interview he had had with her, but did not think of mentioning the interest Mrs. Carroll had taken in the affair.

Captain Hall listened attentively to all that was said; then, after a few moments, he asked him if anyone else in Porthtowan was likely to know of their having been caught by the tide at the time.

Then the riddle began to solve itself to Leonard's mind. He recalled things Nelly had let fall regarding Mrs. Carroll's visit on the eventful evening, and how she, Mrs. Carroll, had asked mamma if Captain Davies and May were engaged, and when mamma said no, how Mrs. Carroll had seemed awfully amused and then went home "chuckling to herself," as Nelly expressed it. None of these things had struck him at the time, but now he understood it all, and realised that Mrs. Carroll was at the bottom of all the mischief.

"I've got it, Hall," he exclaimed with more force than elegance; "it's that Mrs. Carroll. She must be made to contradict what she has said to everybody she has said it to. Do you think you can undertake the task in my absence?"

"I'll make her, my dear fellow; it's the least she can do. I'll get her version of the affair from her, show her what are the facts of the case, and make her promise to set things right, as far as she can, by publicly acknowledging she was wrong."

"I don't see how you are going to do that; it isn't such an easy matter."

"I'll go with her to this 'At Home' at Government House on Wednesday; the conversation is sure to turn on Miss Leslie's wedding the following day, and then Mrs. Carroll shall contradict the rumours she has circulated. If she funks it, I shall fix her with this gimlet eye of

mine until she is forced to own up. This 'At Home' business is most lucky, as everyone in the neighbourhood will be there, and the truth will very soon spread."

This plan, being the best thing under the circumstances, was finally decided upon, much to Leonard's relief.

Whereupon the two men rose and left the mess together, to discuss the matter more fully in Leonard's quarters.

\* \* \* \*

Tuesday evening saw Leonard in town, where, awaiting him at his club, he found a letter from May, the contents of which staggered him beyond words. It ran as follows:—

"You will doubtless be surprised at receiving a letter from me so soon after our interview this afternoon"—the letter was dated "Monday night." "But hearing, for the first time, the real state of the case, I rejoice that I am not too late to release you from your engagement and the prospect of a marriage that could only be irksome to you. I fully appreciate and thank you for the chivalrous motive that prompted you to act as you did, and in such a way, believe me, as to completely blind my eyes to the real state of the case. Knowing now, as I do, that you had never intended to ask me to be your wife, and only did so in order to shield my name from scandal that might have arisen, owing to a mere piece of carelessness just as much my fault as yours, I say, knowing this, I cannot trade any longer upon your generosity, or risk having it said that I had done so. I think you know me well enough to know that until this afternoon I knew *absolutely nothing* of all this, and took everything you had said in the greatest good faith. I was foolish enough to fancy that you asked me to marry you because—well, never mind what I thought; I find I was mistaken, that is all. At the same time I thank you for the generous and chivalrous way in which you behaved, for now I realise how hard it must have been for you to keep up the part of a devoted lover.

"Do not fear, however, that I shall go about the world making a bitter wail over this affair—I fancy you know me better than to think I should do that—so I will leave it to you to assert to the world in general that I broke off our engagement the moment I learnt the truth. You will see that such an announcement will come

better from you than from me." [Then came two or three words heavily erased, as if a sentence had been begun, and the writer, thinking better of it on second thoughts, had crossed it out—evidently a tender word of farewell, which the girl, fearing her assumed stoicism might give way if indulged in, struck out, and then continued in the former strained style.] "I hope you will as thoroughly understand and appreciate my motive in breaking off our engagement as I do appreciate your motive in having asked me to marry you.

"Good-bye.

"MAY.

"P.S.—Mother, Nelly and I are going to travel for a time; we leave here on Saturday."

"Good God, and Saturday was to have been our wedding day," exclaimed the man as he finished reading the letter. "My poor little woman; so these hateful lies have reached your ears, and you believe them. I'd like to wring that old harridan's neck for making all this mischief, and causing my poor little May to feel all the humiliation of wounded pride. By Jove! she is as proud as Lucifer, and plucky, too. It must have cost her something to write that letter, although her very pride prompted her to do it, for I know she does love me: she has shown that, God bless her—that's where her pride will be hurt; and she has had to pretend not to care, and appear to give me up willingly—that's where her pluck comes in." Then as the conceit implied in the last words struck him, he smiled to himself.

"Anyhow, this must be put right at once. I must let her know I am not going to be given my congé so easily." And seating himself at one of the tables, he wrote a long letter explaining the whole thing: how the malicious rumour had been set going by Mrs. Carroll, and pointing out how absolutely untrue it all was.

"There is only one thing I fear," he wrote, "and that is that when you learn I asked you to marry me simply because I loved you, and wanted you, with no thought of saving your name from any scandal, two great virtues with which you had accredited me will be found wanting, namely, chivalry and generosity. But, my darling, if you will be content with the proof of my love for you now, the privilege of acting chivalrously and generously to

you in the future shall be mine, and you may be sure it is a privilege I shall rejoice in. Let me hear no more talk of travelling abroad with your mother and Nelly on Saturday; I am coming to fetch you myself, and then I mean to take you *with me*. I am writing to your mother. Till Saturday, my darling little wife that is to be, good-bye.

"Yours ever,  
"LEONARD."

Having sealed, addressed and posted the letter which should put everything right, Leonard then set about the business on account of which he had come to town, prefacing his business, however, by going to see the new play at the Haymarket, about which everyone was talking.

\* \* \*

How had the rumours about herself, which had been kept so sedulously from her up to this point, reached May?

Nelly, having gone to a children's fancy ball, given by the wife of the Colonel of Leonard's regiment, overheard some remarks about her sister's approaching wedding made by some of the ladies, who took no trouble not to be overheard, probably thinking Nelly too young to understand or to notice what they were saying.

A great deal of what they said was quite clear to her, and her indignant young heart prompted her to speak up in her sister's defence, much to the consternation of the ladies who had been gossiping.

The moment she got home she rushed headlong into the room where her mother and May were sitting, and, bursting into tears, blurted out all that she had heard. Between the child's incoherent utterances May managed to catch the words: "They said May tricked him into marrying her; that he never would have asked her to marry him unless she had obliged him to do so to avoid a scandal; and that it must be true because Leonard said so. But what did they mean, mother? It's not true, is it? I told them it wasn't, and they said I was too young to understand. I wasn't too young to understand that they were abusing May, though, and I told them so."

On hearing her little sister's words, May turned deadly white with the horror of the situation, realising, when on the eve of her marriage, that the man she was going

to marry had only proposed to her from a strong sense of duty. She was too bewildered to think; if she had not been so stunned by the idea, she might have remembered how they had been engaged before the misfortune of being detained by the tide had been discovered by either of them. And then the frightful humiliation she felt in having so freely shown her love to him. Perhaps he, too, thought she had tried to "catch him." How horribly vulgar it all sounded; and that was what was being said about her. Thank God, it was not too late, even now, to put herself right in the eyes of the world, but, above all, in the eyes of the man she loved. He must know at once how innocent she had been of any such vulgar intention, and the only way she could prove the truth of this was by breaking off the engagement at once. She could not trade on his generosity any longer, now she knew what she supposed was the truth — the horrible, cruel truth.

Very quietly she went up to her own room and wrote the letter which Leonard received on his arrival in town. Then she told her mother what she had done. Mrs. Leslie tried to remonstrate with her, and explain how it was all the outcome of a false rumour, but to no avail.

"You forget, mother, Nelly told us one of the ladies said Leonard had said so himself. Although," May continued, "I think he is too much of a gentleman to have done that in so many words—in fact, I am sure of it; but still, there must have been something in his manner that told as plainly as any words. But, mother dear, please do not say anything more about this. I never wish to see Captain Davies again; we will go away from here as soon as possible. Take me away somewhere on Saturday, mother dear." Then the remembrance that that was to have been her wedding day caused something very like a sob to rise up in her throat. Turning hastily away, as if afraid to trust herself, she went wearily up to her own room. Mrs. Leslie was frightened at the almost stony calm maintained by her usually high-spirited and excitable child, but wisely forbore to say much, trusting that in the end all would be satisfactorily explained, and in the meanwhile travel would be the best thing to divert her mind. She knew, with her mother instinct, that the girl's proud spirit had been cruelly lowered, and that she was scorching



"TILL DEATH US DO PART."

under the humiliating idea of having given her love unsought.

Anything like spoken pity would have been awful; so, at the risk of seeming unsympathetic, she never spoke to May about the one thing that was uppermost in their thoughts, but, with rare tact, treated the whole affair in a most matter-of-fact way, not in talking about it, but by letting it alone, thus restoring May to her lost self-esteem.

Then came Leonard's letter, throwing light on the matter; and once more everything was "right with the world."

\* \* \*

Saturday dawned bright and frosty, the little village looking in the bright winter sunshine almost as picturesque as it did in the summer. The sea was beautifully

calm and blue, and, in fact, everything conduced to make the day an ideal one for a bride. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the time fixed for the wedding, the old church on the cliff was crowded with friends and a large number of the fisher folk with whom "Miss May" was a great favourite.

In spite of the wedding being a very quiet one, the excitement that had prevailed during the last few days about it, and the rumour that at the last moment Miss Leslie had broken off the match on hearing the rumours that were afloat, had made the wedding one of great interest in the neighbourhood. And popular favour had veered round suddenly in favour of the girl who had been so maligned, and had been so plucky about it. Captain

Davies was at his post, looking, as most bridegrooms do, like a fish out of water, and being continually told by his best man, Captain Hall, "to bear up." The regiment had turned up in full force to support him in the trying moment, and to make some amends for the unfortunate event of a few evenings before—all except Mr. Barker, who, after an abject apology, had applied for an exchange, which was subsequently obtained. At a few minutes past two a carriage was heard driving smartly up over the gravel, and murmurs of "the bride" ran through the church.

Very sweet and lovable she looked in her creamy white satin dress, relieved by subtle touches of dark fur, thereby doing away with the hard, cold look of a bride's regulation dress in the trying light of a frosty January day.

Expecting only to see a few invited guests, the crowded church made her rather nervous as she walked up the aisle on her uncle's arm, with her head slightly bent, and the colour in her face rapidly coming and going. But when she reached the chancel, and he took his place at her side, all her confidence returned in the sense of protection derived from his presence. She spoke the words vowing love and obedience in a clear, steady voice, and at the words "Till death us do part" she turned her face, radiant with happiness, towards him.

The ceremony was over, the registers were duly signed, and they were man and wife. The organ, as they left the vestry, pealing forth Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," announced the fact that "they were coming" to those outside. Showers of rice greeted the unfortunate couple as they

emerged from under the porch, thrown by the children and fisher women, who, with the barbarity of their class, on such occasions were unsparing in the supplies.

"Good luck to you, Mrs. Davies," called out one of the Royal Wessex sabalerns who had gone round to the other side of the carriage, then, starting three hearty cheers, he waved his hat after them as they drove off, the cheering being vigorously taken up by the people, while Nelly, forgetful of her dignity as bridesmaid, joined in with the rest. Captain Hall, with mock solemnity, reminded her of the dignities of her position both as a bridesmaid and also as being Miss Leslie now her sister was married.

"It's all very well," she answered, "but how can I be dignified with these?" looking ruefully down at a pair of long black legs, and making everyone laugh.

A couple of hours later Captain and Mrs. Davies left for London, en route for the south of France.

"Leonard," said the newly-made wife, putting her little hand in his, "do you know, I can hardly believe that I am really and truly your wife: it seems too good to be true."

"It's true enough, little woman, and I hope I may never cause you to regret the fact." And drawing her gently towards him, he kissed her tenderly.

"My darling," she whispered. "Three days ago I began to doubt if life were worth living; I doubted if there were a God, for everything seemed to fail me at one blow. Now I know, however, that—

"God's in His heaven, for—  
'All's right with the world.'"

# Miss Ethel's Young Man.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER, Author of "Bootles' Baby," etc. etc.

## CHAPTER I.

**I**T was Elizabeth who first called him "Miss Ethel's young man;" and, somehow, the name stuck to him for many a long year afterwards. Elizabeth was the parlourmaid at No. 7, Sinclair Terrace, where Ethel's mother lived, and Elizabeth had been so long in the Marchmont family that she had come to be regarded quite as a power therein. Not, all the same, that Elizabeth so dubbed Mr. Fitzgerald in what I might call direct communication with either Mrs. Marchmont or either of her daughters. No, Mrs. Marchmont, while a very kind and considerate mistress, did not believe in making herself too familiar with her servants, and always maintained a polite but rather frigid attitude towards them. She was an excellent mother, mistress and friend; a singularly good manager, making her income do as much as most people could make incomes of twice its amount do; and, above all, Mrs. Marchmont was an astute woman of the world, who seldom let an opportunity slip without taking the fullest advantage thereof. A woman whom everyone respected, whom most people feared, and whom very few loved; indeed, the majority of those who knew her would have thought it an impertinence to attempt to do anything of the kind.

And her daughters? Well, no one, you know, is a hero to his valet, and Mrs. Marchmont's daughters stood in no awe of their worldly-wise mother. They were undeniably fond of her, and they had, moreover, an enormous admiration for her. They believed that no woman in all the world was as truly wise as their mother, and they would have taken her advice in a matter of difficulty before that of anyone in their whole acquaintance. So, it may be understood, the little household at No. 7, Sinclair Terrace was one in which ructions had no part and, in fact, one which went with perfect smoothness from one year's end to another.

Ethel was the eldest, a bright and pretty girl of twenty years old; and not only was she bright and pretty, but

she was clever and witty, too. Possessed of the gayest and most buoyant spirits, Ethel Marchmont had quickly become a great favourite in the old town of Middlehampton, where, after the death of her husband, Mrs. Marchmont had chosen to pitch her tent. Everybody liked Ethel; everybody was sorry if she went away on a visit, and everyone was glad when she came home again. The Marchmont girls, three in number, were all pretty much alike to look at—tall and slim, without being skinny, with plenty of bright and sunny-brown hair and with wild rose complexions. They all had long eyelashes and nice slender hands; they all had neat little feet which they used well; and they were all blessed with that most excellent thing in woman—low, well-modulated voices. And of the three it must be confessed that Ethel was the most winsome, the most charming and the most attractive.

Of course, there were soldiers at Middlehampton. Middlehampton would have been nothing more nor less than a collection of fossils without some other interest than the few lawyers, doctors and other professional men who moved to and fro within its boundaries. Middlehamptonites proper—that is to say, those who had been born and bred in the old place—were wont to say that widows with daughters might go and settle elsewhere than in a town where there were so few eligible bachelors; but others who looked to the commercial side of the question, thought that the more people who came and settled in Middlehampton the better for trade and for everything except the old maids, who did not count. At all events, there Mrs. Marchmont and her three daughters were and there they intended to remain. As a matter of fact, when the widow decided on Middlehampton as a suitable place to live in, she had had no thought at all of her daughters' probable future, none at all; schools in Middlehampton were proverbially good, and she was a woman who had a horror of sending her girls to be educated in some place where they would not be under her own eye. And as they had got to know most of the people worth knowing in the place, they had no desire



THE MARCHMONT GIRLS.

to leave it when the youngest of the girls had finished with lessons.

And Elizabeth? Well, it was in this way. It happened one day that Maudie, the youngest of the sisters, was going from the hall of No. 7 into the garden, which was at the back of the house. It was a very good garden for a terrace house and boasted of a full-sized tennis-court, of which the Marchmont girls were extremely proud. To reach the garden you had to pass through the hall and down a flight of steps, thus passing the top of the stairs leading to the kitchens. And as she passed she happened to hear the irreproachable Elizabeth say, in no undertone, "Well, wait a minute. . . . There's Miss Ethel's young man just coming up the front steps."

As quick as thought, Maudie slipped back into the dining-room and, a moment later, she saw Mr. Fitzgerald ushered into the drawing-room by Elizabeth, with quite her best manner on and looking as if she had no more idea that he was a visitor with anything like ulterior views than if she had just come from a life spent in the moon. Maudie turned and flew upstairs, and dashing into the room which she

shared with her sister, banged the door to and immediately collapsed into paroxysms of uncontrollable laughter.

"Now what is the matter?" Sarah Marchmont asked.

"Mr. Fitzgerald has just come," Maudie explained, when at last she was able to speak. "And I just overheard Elizabeth say to Jane, that she couldn't do something or other because 'Miss Ethel's young man' was coming up the front steps."

"I wonder how they always know everything that is in the air?" said Sarah wonderingly. "I'm sure we have never suggested that Mr. Fitzgerald is Ethel's young man."

"Oh, but he is," put in Maudie wisely. "He worships Ethel. I've seen him look at her. . . . oh, well, you know, Sarah."

And it was true enough. Terence Fitzgerald did worship Ethel Marchmont, and that very afternoon he contrived to say as much to her as they sat out under the trees in the long garden, while the two younger girls played a set of tennis together.

"Ethel, surely you must know what I feel for you?" he said suddenly to her. "Surely, you must know that I only live

for you, that I have no other thought in life but for you?"

"Yes?" said she; and her tone invited him to go on.

"Of course, I've no earthly right to say a single word to you about this," he went on wretchedly. "I'm over head and ears in debt; I don't know how to keep going in the regiment, and, goodness knows, it's not an expensive regiment, for all the fellows are as broke as they can very well be. I shall have to go to India in order to keep going at all, and I've always said I should have to put myself up to auction as the only way of providing for the future at all. And now that I have known you, such thoughts, even in jest, seem like blasphemy. Ethel, I'm a poor devil without a penny to bless himself with, and I can only ask you to wait years and years and years for me. Tell me, is it any good? Is there any hope for me?"

Well, of course, she promised and they agreed that they would keep the precious secret of their love between themselves, until such time as he had paid off all his debts and could provide a home for her. He explained his exact situation to her, how he owed so much, how his income was so much and what his Indian pay would be, and how, if he lived as close as wax, with always the thought of the glorious future before his eyes, he would be able to pay everything off, and then they might be able to find out some pleasant place on the Continent where they might live comfortably on the income which they would have between them. A fair dream enough, if it might ever come to pass.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE 12th were not many months in Middlehampton after this. Time seemed to fly like magic and the end soon came. Of course, there were many conjectures as to the suspected affair between Fitzgerald and Ethel Marchmont, but, as nothing was officially announced, and the regiment finally went away without any such consummation, it became gradually looked upon as one of those desperate flirtations in which the gentleman had loved and ridden away. It is true that Ethel showed no signs of suffering from heart-break, that her cheeks did not grow pale nor her eyes look any less bright than they had always done, yet, nevertheless, Middlehampton was sure that Mr. Fitzgerald

had not told his love. And for once Middlehampton was wrong.

So nearly a year went by. The new regiment which had succeeded the 12th had taken great pains to make themselves pleasant and agreeable to the neighbourhood, and especially to that part of it which was to be found at No. 7, Sinclair Terrace. Almost every day there was some communication between No. 7 and the Barracks, and the remarks of a certain section of society in Middlehampton were caustic in proportion.

In due time the engagement of Sarah Marchmont to one of the officers of the 16th was announced; and, somehow or other, it became known that little Maudie had definitely refused to consider the idea of one day becoming the first lady in the regiment. But there were no flirtations to be set down to the score of Ethel; for, though she was as cheerful and contented as her mother was, yet she seemed to be utterly beyond all idea of man's admiration. And she was admired, it is true, far more than either of her sisters, yet when the many men who frequented No 7 happened, any one of them, to show an inclination to pay Miss Ethel anything like marked attention, an invisible wall of ice seemed to grow up between them, and they found themselves unable to get a hair's breadth nearer to the object of their admiration. It was very strange, and Mrs. Marchmont said once or twice to Sarah: "Do you think Ethel will *ever* like anybody? It seems so odd that a girl of her looks should care no more for dancing and fun than I do; why, not half as much. Do you think she can have had a disappointment?"

"Oh, I don't think so;" was Sarah's reply. "You know Ethel is a thinking sort of girl. She never cared for flirting and silliness, as most girls do. I think she is perfectly happy. At all events, I've never heard her say a single word to the contrary."

"I always thought she liked Mr. Fitzgerald," said Mrs. Marchmont, in a musing tone.

"I don't think so; not more than anyone else," returned Sarah decidedly.

"Well, I always thought so," said the mother.

However, time went on, and Ethel kept her own counsel, saying never one single word about her gallant lover out in India, who was saving and pinching



"TELL ME, IS THERE ANY HOPE FOR ME?"

that he might make the way clear for them to pass into the modest paradise which they had set before them. On her side, Ethel was not idle; she could not save money, for she had only a hundred a-year on which to dress herself and out of which to pay all her little personal expenses. But she went in indefatigably for the study of cooking, and by the time of which I am telling, had already be-

come a very first-class cook indeed. And she sewed a good deal too, and learned to make many of her own garments, and she gradually laid in a good stock of things against that happy day in the future, when he and she should be together for all the rest of their lives.

Other men came and went, other girls had love affairs which came to fruition or untimely died, but Ethel Marchmont

had neither part nor lot with any of these; she regarded herself as a wife whose husband had gone on a journey—as a widow whose heart was fixed for ever. And she was perfectly happy in that state, as happy as she could hope or look to be until the day, the all-glorious day, when Terence Fitzgerald should come back again and they would part no more on this side of the grave of one or other of them.

When these two had parted, they had agreed that it would not be wise for them to correspond with each other. You see, there was very small chance of such a correspondence remaining a secret in a household wherein most news was common property. Occasionally, he had written, once when he had got his promotion and once when something had made him fancy that Ethel was forgetting him. And at Christmas-time, and on her birthdays, and on the anniversary of the day on which they had confessed their love, he had ventured to write to her, and it so happened that Ethel had been able to keep these letters to herself, so that nobody suspected that they had ever reached the house. And how Ethel read and re-read them! How she noted every tender word and smiled over every endearing phrase, and how her heart thrilled at the thought that for her sweet sake, this gay and gallant lover of hers was content to forego half the pleasures which came in his way, to deprive himself of half the comforts which seemed to be his by right.

So the second year passed on and was nearly gone. Ethel began to look forward to another letter, but before the well-remembered date came round, a letter reached her. She took it with a little smile from the hand of the maid who brought it to her. He had written out of the regular course of things; perhaps something had happened; perhaps good fortune had befallen him and the time of waiting had come to an end. So it had, though not quite in the way she meant. For the letter was short and looked as if it had been written in a hurry. "My darling," it said "try to forget that you ever knew me. I am not worthy to tie your shoe or to touch the hem of your garment. Terence."

I don't want to describe what came after this. Some of my readers have felt just such pain. God help them; they

don't want to be told what it is like. Some of them may not know and they may believe me when I say that they should rejoice in their ignorance. Ethel Marchmont was alone in her pain; alone she bore it and alone she suffered—and if her mother wondered at her pale cheeks and Sarah fancied that they might be because she was going out of the home-nest; if Maudie imagined that her eldest sister was without exception the very coldest young woman she had ever known—why, all their conjectures were very wide of the mark, and they never knew, never had the remotest idea that her heart had been torn in twain or that a serious question of love had ever come into her outwardly placid and apparently unruffled life.

### CHAPTER III.

Six years had gone by. Ethel Marchmont had been married for the past four of them. Not altogether of her own free will had she changed her state, for, had she consulted her own wishes, she would have remained Ethel Marchmont during the whole of her life. But a couple of years after the marriage of Sarah and that pitiful break in her own life, evil days had fallen upon the widow, and some three-fourths of her income had been swept away from her. At that time there was a would-be lover hanging about the house in Sinclair Terrace, a lover at whom Ethel had for months gently but persistently declined to look; to whose suit she had quietly and firmly declined to listen. This lover was rich and of an assured position, and when the blow came, he had promptly made use thereof and had intimated to Mrs. Marchmont that if only Ethel would take him, he would see that her mother did not suffer in the future for the misfortunes of the past. And it must be confessed that Mrs. Marchmont, who had no fancy for living on next to nothing, and moving out of her comfortable house into a cottage with one little servant and a new dress once a year, did not hesitate to use all her influence to persuade Ethel to take the step which would put everything right for them all.

And after a short time, Ethel consented and duly became Sir Edward Brooke's wife.

She was not actively unhappy. Sir Edward was kind and good. If he was not the husband of whom she had dreamed, he was a very handsome man

of stately presence, and he denied her nothing ; while he had secured her mother and Maudie from the pinch of poverty for the rest of their lives. She was filled by a huge sense of gratitude whenever she thought of all that he had done, and if at times she felt the tie between them to be both irksome and tedious, why no one knew anything about it, and she suffered it in silence as she had suffered those sharper pangs when Terence Fitzgerald bade her try to forget the sweetest dream that had ever come into her life.

And six years had gone by since that dream had been dispelled. Six years during which she had never heard one word, good, bad or indifferent, of the man to whom she had given all her heart's love. No one knew that she took the smallest interest in him, and she was too proud to take any steps to discover how the world had used him. After her marriage she had been too loyal to ask a single question concerning him, so that she did not really know if he were alive or dead, married or single, ill or well. And then suddenly they met, those two who had parted years before in tears and pain, met quite unexpectedly to both of them, and recognised each other.

"Ethel !" said he, in a tone of sharpest pain.

"Oh, is it you ?" she cried, with a great start.

"You are not changed," he said, eyeing the dear face, with its luminous eyes and delicate colouring wistfully.

"Oh, I am very much changed," she replied gravely, "since I married."

"You are married !" he broke in, with a certain jealous ring in his voice which made Lady Brooke flush crimson.

"Yes, I have been married four years. That is my husband talking to a lady in grey near the window."

He turned and looked at his old love's husband eagerly. "He is talking to my wife," he replied curtly.

"Your wife ?" she echoed.

"My wife ! Did you not understand what my letter meant ? I thought that I had made my meaning clear enough. You—you—you did not think that I had forgotten you ? Good heavens ! or that I wanted only to throw you over ?"

"It does not matter what I thought," said Lady Brooke, speaking rather faintly. "It is all over and done with now, and perhaps everything is better as it is."

"Perhaps so," he agreed ; then added, in a tone of extreme bitterness : "I only hope that your fetters do not gall you as mine gall me."

"Need we speak of it at all ?" said Ethel a little coldly. "You did what you did with your eyes open. What is the use of going back over the past ? The past is past, and cannot be undone now. We are better as we are—everything turns out for the best."

"And you don't care—you did not care then ?" he broke in incredulously.

Ethel looked at him. "I should like some tea," she said, with an effort. "Will you take me to have some ?"

"I understand," said Terence Fitzgerald under his breath. "I understand."

#### CHAPTER IV.

TEN years more had gone past into the irrecoverable. Lady Brooke sat alone in the drawing-room of her house in Kensington Gore. Time had dealt very gently with her, and no one who met her for the first time would have believed that she was a woman of nearly forty. The sunny sheen of her hair was not changed ; she had still the same roseleaf complexion, the same luminous eyes, clear and limpid as the eyes of a child. She was dressed in white, for the day was sultry and the shaded room was very warm. She was but little changed.

Yet she was changed, in mind if not in outward appearance ; for those years of repression, of keeping her own counsel, of brooding over the one great tragedy of her life, had left their mark upon her, and now she was cold, self-reliant and placid—a woman in whom a once tender heart had, as it were, ossified ; a woman whose judgment was ruled by head instead of heart. And Lady Brooke had been a widow for more than seven years.

Just at first, after Sir Edward's death, Lady Brooke's many friends had said that she would certainly marry again. Sir Edward had left her free as air to do as she chose with her life ; there were no children to consider ; she was in the very prime and bloom of her beauty, and she had admirers by the dozen. Yet year after year stole on, and, now that seven had gone by, she was Lady Brooke still. One after another had come and gone, and only one remained constant to her shrine—one who could not press her to

change her state, one whose name was Terence Fitzgerald—though he had not been near her of late.

But while she sat in her luxurious, well-shaded drawing-room that sultry summer afternoon, the door opened to admit a visitor, and Terence Fitzgerald came in. She rose to receive him.

"Is it you?" she said.

"Yes, I came back yesterday. I could not stay away longer. These few months have seemed like an eternity." He spoke eagerly, and devoured her with his eyes. Then he bent forward and took one of her hands in his. "Ethel," he said, "you are glad to see me?"

"I am always glad to see you," she replied steadily.

"But more glad than ever now, are you not? Ethel, my love, my one darling, now that we are both free, now that there are no barriers between us, you will give yourself to me, and we will finish our lives together. You won't keep me waiting, will you?"

She sat quite still, leaving her hand in his, but she did not speak. She looked at him, this one love of her life, this tall, comely man with still some signs of mourning in his attire for the wife who had come between them, the wife who had wrecked her heart and ruined the happiness of both their lives. But she said nothing.

"Ethel," he cried; "Ethel!"

"You think we might be married?" she said at last.

"Think—we might—be married!" he repeated in amazement. "Why, Ethel, my darling —"

"Yes, I know what you are going to say," she interrupted. "That we love each other—I suppose we do. I know that I loved you once with all my heart and soul. For you I would have faced anything—poverty, obscurity, hunger and cold. But now —"

"Now I ask you only to face love," he put in.

"Yes, I know, I know. But, Terence, you forget that I am not the Ethel Marchmont whom you knew sixteen years ago. I would have given up *worlds* for you then. I don't know that I could bring myself to give up anything for you now."

"But there is nothing for you to give up," he cried.

"I have been used to my own way so long," she replied.

"Your own way! Why, good heavens, Ethel, what do you think I would do? Your own way? why, it will be the one aim of my life to see that you do have your own way in everything—in everything."

"Yes, I know; you say so, and you mean it too," she said with a little cold smile, a smile that had a touch of love and pity in it. "You meant it all before, and I believed you. But in the afterward my heart, my faith, my beliefs, all died. You must not blame me, Terence; I am not the old Ethel you used to know. I am a new and very different Ethel. I trusted you with my life once—I dare not risk it again."

"But you know that you love me," he exclaimed.

"Do I? Yes, it is true—and yet I know if I were to do what you wish that we should be wretched," she returned simply.

"Ethel," he said hoarsely, "I have never told you why—why—I wrote you that letter—why I did as I did."

"Don't tell me," she said, interrupting. "I don't want to know. My dear, go away for a little longer and you will come to see that I am right. I am content in the knowledge that you did not leave me of your own free will. We have had our dream, and if we could have married years ago, when there had come no shadow between us, we should have been the happiest husband and wife in all the world, content to live and die together. But all these weary years our lives, yours and mine, have been steadily drifting apart. We are not what we believe; each of us keeps the memory of what the other was in the past, but it is an ideal memory, and the shock of disillusionment would be horrible. We can still look back. I am willing to be always your friend. I am not willing to have my broken heart bruised afresh. I would rather endure a mediocrity of commonplace existence than a hell of pain and regret into which I had walked with my eyes wide open."

"And this is your final decision?" he asked.

"I dare not risk it," said she in answer.

# *Whispers from the Woman's World.*

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.



## THE EVOLUTION OF FASHION.

### PART VI. CURIOUS FOOT-GEAR (cont.).

**T**HE exercise of the gentle craft of shoe-making was for a long time carried on in monastic institutions, and increased the revenues of the clergy. Richard, the first Abbot of St. Albans, objected to canons and priests of his era associating themselves with tanners and shoemakers, not one of whom, in his opinion, ought to be made a bishop or abbot. It is said, however, that Pope John, elected in 1316, was the son of a shoemaker at Cahors; and in the description of Absalom, the Parish Clerk, Chaucer tells us, "the upper leathers of his shoes were carved to resemble the windows of St. Paul's Cathedral," which inclines one to believe in their priestly origin.

From various sources, we have descriptions of royal shoes. Richard Cœur de Lion had his boots striped with gold; those of his brother John were spotted with golden circles. Henry III. had his boots chequered with golden lines, and every square enriched with a lion. In the splendid Court of Edward III., the royal shoes were elaborately embroidered. The coronation shoes of Richard III. were covered with crimson tissue cloth of gold. Henry VIII. is described as wearing square-toed shoes, which were slashed with coloured silk and exposed a portion of the foot. Some worn by his daughter, Queen Elizabeth, of brocaded silk, are remarkably clumsy in appearance, and have jappets which fasten

over the instep. They form a striking contrast to those used by the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots (now in the possession of Sir James William Drummond), which are of kid, embroidered with coloured silks; the toes are somewhat squarer, but in other respects resemble those in fashion at the present day.

In speaking of curious foot-gear, the under covering of the leg and pedal extremities must be briefly referred to. Ancient works on costume frequently mention hose, socks and stockings, which were made of woollen cloth, leather or linen, and held in place by cross-bands of the material twisted to a little below the knee, either in close rolls, like the hay-bands of the modern ostler, or crossing each other sandal-wise, as they are now worn in some districts of Europe, particularly in Russia and Spain. Cloth stockings, embroidered with gold, are among the articles of dress ordered by Henry III. for his sister Isabel; and of a woman mentioned in the "Canterbury Tales," it is said:

"Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet redde, ful streite yteyed (tied), and shoon full moist (supple) and newe."

In the reign of Henry VII. clocks on stockings are discernible; and the Poet Laureate of this king, describing the dress of the hostess of an inn, gives an indication of how boots were cleaned:

"She hobbles as she goes,  
With her blanket hose,  
Her shoone smeared  
With tallow."



SHOE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

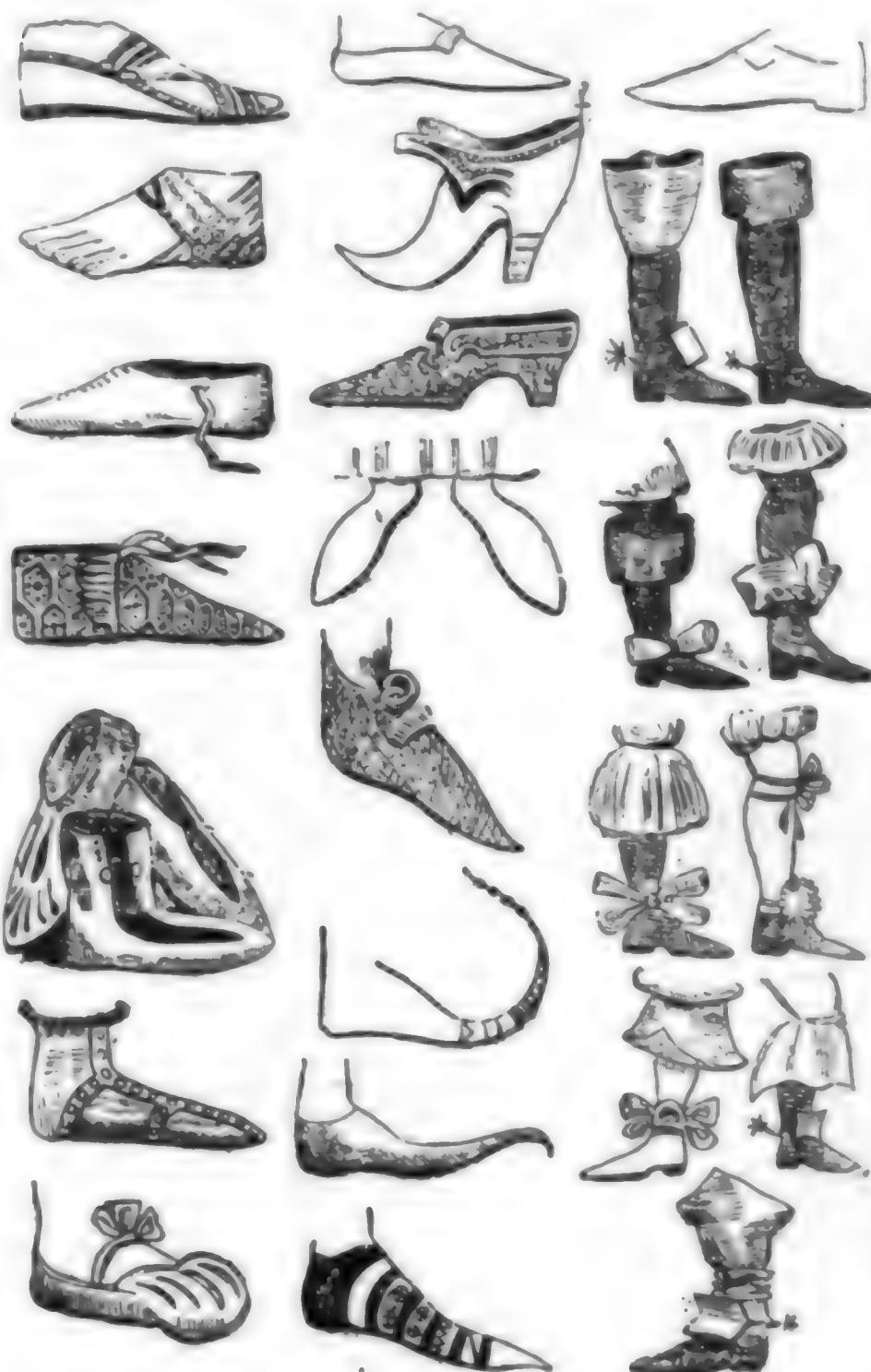
SHOE WORN BY CHARLES I.

It is supposed that hose or stockings of silk were unknown in

this country before the middle of the 16th century. A pair of Spanish silk hose was presented by Sir Thomas Gresham to Edward VI., his father never having worn any but those made of cloth. In the reign of Good Queen Bess, nether socks, or stockings, were of silk, jarnsey, worsted crewel, or the finest yarn, thread or cloth, and were of all colours, "cunningly knit and curiously indented in every point, with querks, clocks, open seams and everything else accordingly." Planché states, in the third year of Elizabeth, Mistress Montague, the Queen's silk-woman, presented Her Majesty with a pair of black silk knit stockings, made in England; and from that time she wore no others, in the laudable desire to encourage their home manufacture by her own example.

The Queen's patronage, and the invention, in 1599, of a weaving frame, by William Lee, Master of Arts, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, gave a great impetus to the stocking trade, which has been carried on with considerable success ever since, particularly in the Midland counties of England.

Spurs can be traced back to the Anglo-Saxon period, which is quite far enough for this purpose. They had no rowels, but were made with a simple point like a goad, and were fastened with leathers. Early in the 15th century spurs were screwed on to a steel shoe, instead of being fastened with straps. They were long in the neck, and the spikes of the rowels of



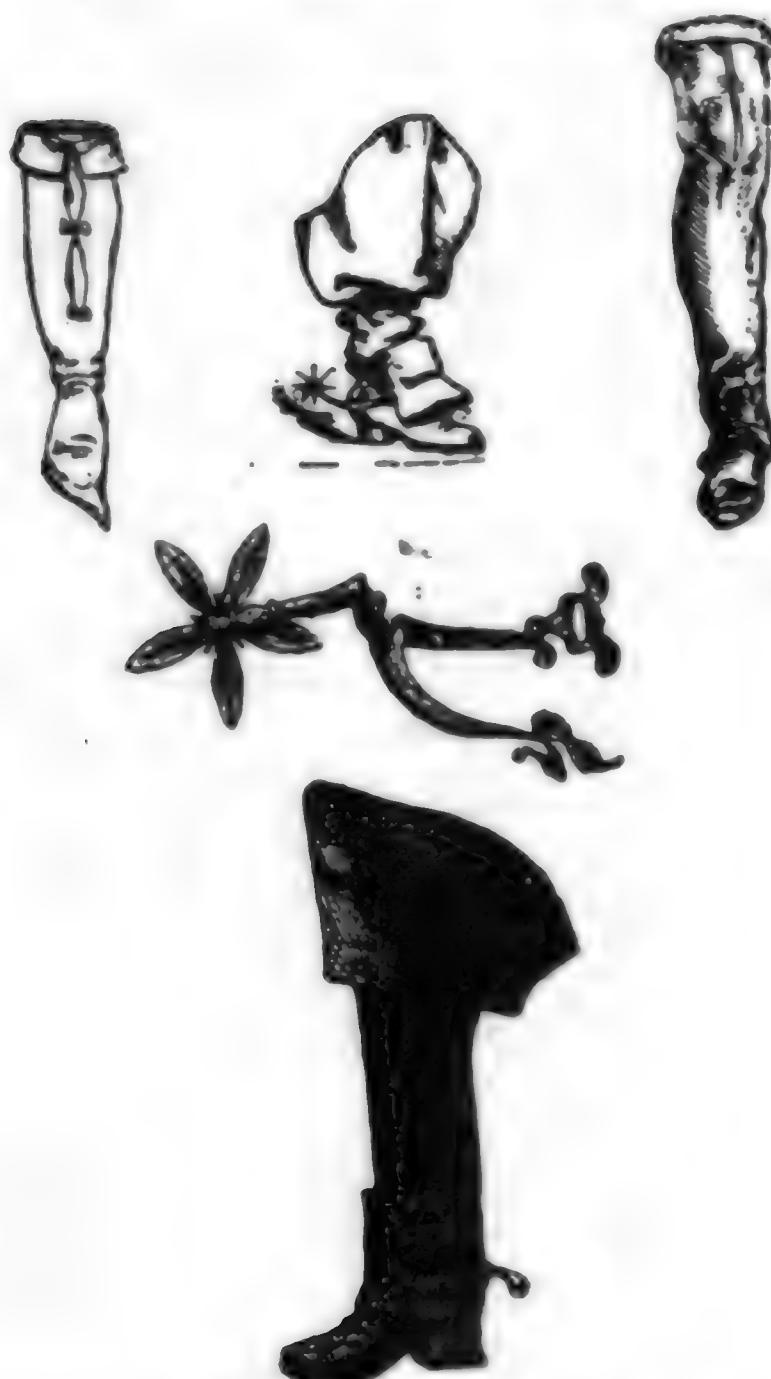
FOOT-GEAR OF DIFFERENT PERIODS.

formidable dimensions. From a sketch of a spur worn at the Battle of Naseby, in the reign of Charles I., it will be seen that, as progress was made in armour and military gear, considerable attention was paid to this portion of the soldier's outfit; indeed, it was more elaborate in design than is now considered necessary. From a very early period spurs have been used by both sexes.

A curious custom was in vogue at the beginning of the present century for ladies to make their own indoor shoes. This fashion was inaugurated by Queen Charlotte, who was particularly deft in han-

dling a beautiful set of shoemaker's tools, mounted in silver, with ivory handles. Tradesmen bitterly complained that work-tables in boudoirs were strewn with the implements of their craft; but, like many other feminine fads, it soon passed away. About this period clogs were also used. These were made of wood and served as a protection to shoes out of doors. A similar contrivance, with the addition of an iron ring, leather strap and toe-cap, is still sometimes worn by farm servants and is called a patten. Another form of clog, consisting of a laced leather boot with wooden sole, is extensively used by the working classes in the North of England, and the sabot, a wooden shoe, is the ordinary foot-gear of peasants on the Continent.

It is well known that Chinese women of high rank deform their feet by compressing them in such a manner that it is



MILITARY BOOTS AND SPURS USED AT THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

afterwards almost impossible to walk; and in Davis' interesting description of the Empire of China, he relates that whenever a judge of unusual integrity resigns his post, the people accompany him from his home to the gates of the city, where his boots are drawn off with great ceremony and are afterwards preserved in the Hall of Justice.

In Japan a peculiar wooden sandal, having a separate compartment for the great toe, is in common use. Straw slippers are also worn, and a traveller starting on a journey will strap a supply on his back, so that he may have new shoes in case of need. They are lefts and rights and only cost a halfpenny the pair. Here one never finds those deformities of the feet so common in China and even in our own country. A graceful carriage depends so much upon the shoes worn. Heavy and stiff ones oblige the wearer to plant the foot solidly at every step. If the

toes are very pointed it is at the sacrifice of elasticity, and if the heels are too high the muscles in the ball of the foot are little used.

Orientals indicate reverence by uncovering their feet, and do so on all occasions when Western nations would remove their hats. Their heads being generally shaven are always covered, and are surmounted by a head-dress which could not be replaced without considerable trouble; while for the feet they have loose slippers, with a single sole, made of coloured morocco or embroidered silk, which are easily thrown off. Few things inspire them with greater disgust than for anyone to enter their rooms with shoes on. They think such conduct an insult to themselves and a pollution to their apartment; and it is considered the height of irreverence to enter a church, mosque or temple without removing them. Even classical heathenism affords instances of this usage. The Roman women were obliged to go barefoot in the Temple of Vesta; the same rule existed in that of Diana, at Crete; and those who prayed in the Temple of Jupiter also followed this custom.

In the East, the public removal of the sandal or shoe, and the giving it to another, accompanied by certain words, signifies a transfer of authority or relinquishing possession. We are told in the case of Ruth and Boaz, when her kinsman gave up his right to marry her, in favour of her second husband, "he drew off his shoe." Among the Bedouins, when a man permits his cousin to marry another, or divorces his runaway spouse, he generally says, "She was my slipper; I have cast her off." Again, when shoes are left at the door of an apartment they denote that the master or mistress is engaged, and even a husband does not venture into his wife's room while he sees the slippers on the threshold. The idea is not altogether unknown among ourselves, as it is expressed in the homely proverb, "to stand in another man's shoes;" or when we speak of coming into a future inheritance as stepping into a "dead man's shoes." Also in flinging the slipper after a departing bride, signifying that the father transfers his authority to the husband.

#### HINTS TO YOUNG HOUSEHOLDERS.

To establish a neat and cosy home at the end of the nineteenth century is not

fraught with the same difficulties which beset those who essayed a similar task fifty years ago. Then heavy and substantial furniture, calculated to outlive several generations of possessors, was the rule, while now we are content with lighter, less expensive and, withal, more elegant household plenishings, which answer our purpose quite as well, and can be replaced when fashions alter or circumstances permit richer surroundings.

Rapidly increasing population, education and competition, have played an important part in inducing manufacturers to supply the English market with all kinds of contrivances for lessening labour, and from a hygienic point of view our homes compare favourably with those of our fathers and mothers. The beds of iron or brass, with woven wire mattresses, and thin overlays of well dressed hair, can be kept much more easily in good condition than the funereal four-posters, draped with damask or moreen, which prevented a free current of air purifying the wool and flock bedding. Thick carpets, too, which were closely nailed down into corners, and were not always removed at the annual cleaning, were fruitful sources of discomfort and disease. Heavy wardrobes, sideboards and similar pieces of furniture were not supplied with casters, and consequently often remained in the same position for years together, and sheltered armies of spiders and other vermin which appeared to thrive on the dust of ages. The sun was rigorously excluded from such apartments, for the double purpose of shading the sallow complexions of the occupants and of preserving those aniline colours which prevailed in textile fabrics in all their pristine beauty (?). Windows were hermetically closed; and even a moderate amount of ventilation was regarded with disfavour. Gas was considered the acme of perfection for lighting purposes, and the fact that it consumed the small quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere, sullied the ceiling and mural decorations, and overlaid pictures with a thin layer of charcoal was looked upon as a matter of course. Picture frames and pier glasses were modestly draped in pale yellow and green gauze; fire-places were hung with monstrosities composed of cut tissue paper and artificial flowers, and the chimneys were closed by bags of hay or straw.

I think we owe an unceasing debt of gratitude to the inventor of linoleum. As a floor-covering it is exceedingly cleanly and is easily obtained in good designs; it is impervious to draughts, is well adapted to unevenly laid floors, and can be readily disinfected in cases of contagious disease. Bordered central carpets are also to be recommended; and, just missing the heavier pieces of furniture, they can be frequently removed and cleaned at the dyers. The ordinary steam laundry will generally undertake the lighter makes of Kidderminster and Scotch carpets, which are admirably adapted for bedrooms and small sitting-rooms. The appearance of all carpets is greatly added to by having a surround of linoleum, which is better for this purpose than matting, felt or even parquetry. Charming wall papers are now manufactured at such ridiculously low prices that there is not the faintest excuse for enduring those which are crude in colour or objectionable in pattern; and by changing them at short intervals, we not only insure clean and healthy rooms, but variety of aspect. Washable draperies are preferable for small houses, and a pretty effect can be obtained with chintz,



AN INEXPENSIVE SIDEBOARD.

cretonne or jute curtains, relieved by inner ones of frilled muslin or net. Box ottomans are less costly than couches, and the interiors make convenient store places, which may be used for several purposes. Combined furniture has many advantages for modest households, and a simple design is given for a side-board and bookcase, which could easily be made for £7 or £8. A pretty idea for the mantelpiece is a picture, suitably framed, in place of the mirror so often found there. This gives an opportunity for utilising a family portrait or some well-known scene, which one would desire to have in a prominent position.

In bedrooms occupied by two persons it is more convenient to have two small washing-stands and toilet tables than one large one. This suggestion is, of course, made when there is no dressing-room, a convenience rarely found in small dwellings. This difficulty, however, can be partially got over by fitting up the bathroom for this purpose. I hope the time is near at hand when builders will include fixed basins, with hot and cold supply, in the bedrooms as part of the ordinary fixtures of the house. This system could be carried out with little trouble, and would considerably modify the work, besides avoiding the constant breakage of china, to replace which is a heavy tax on limited incomes.



EVENING BODICES.

In house linen a considerable saving is effected by purchasing at sale times that which is slightly soiled but of superior quality. This is always reduced: and, as in any case it would require washing before using, it answers every purpose. The belief is gaining ground that heavy bed-coverings are unhealthy, and marcella quilts are now replaced by bedspreads of a lighter and more ornamental character. These can be made of a variety of fabrics; but guipure lace, lined with a colour, and cretonne with a deep frill are both effective and suitable.

A good linen press is essential to the housewife's comfort; and a roomy cupboard, with plenty of shelves, answers the purpose perfectly, if it is nicely lined with paper. To each shelf a linen covering should be tacked with small nails, and if thrown loosely over the contents, keeps them spotless, and always ready for use.

It is well for young people to know that it is possible, even in these hard times, to be comfortable and happy on a comparatively small sum per annum.

#### FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

The shops have all put on their autumn garb, and are decked with richly-tinted fabrics which make the average woman long for the purse of Prince Fortunatus, and often tempt her to indulge in ex-

travagances which her finances scarcely warrant.

As we sit cosily by our own fireside and the wind whistles round the house, we are apt to wonder if that summer holiday was quite worth all it cost, and in nine cases out of ten come to the conclusion that next year it shall be organised on more economical principles, so as not to entrench on that sum which all self-respecting women assign to the needs of the toilet. For after we return to town, our wardrobes require a thorough overhauling, and we must provide ourselves with two or three warm winter gowns for evening wear, and other details too numerous to mention. This fashion of wearing skirts and bodices of different materials is decidedly a thrifty one, and permits of infinite variety: for with deft fingers, at a comparatively trifling cost, we can arrange our half-worn corsages so that even our dearest feminine friend (whose lynx-like eyes generally spot the weakest point in our armour) would not even recognise them. By carefully considering the garniture, a waist may do duty with two or more skirts, and the accompanying sketch will give a good idea of the styles most in vogue.

A charming house-dress of fawn faced cloth is also given, trimmed in a novel manner with bands of chestnut brown velvet. The bodice is well adapted to youthful figures of slim build, and the puffed sleeves relieve the hardness of outline which so often characterises the tailor-made gown.

Very pretty this winter are the garments designed for little children. A boy and girl I recently saw in the Park were appropriately and tastefully clothed. The tiny maiden had a cloak of deep crimson cloth, the triple capes were edged with rows of stitching, and were fastened at the neck with a thick cord and tassels. The velvet hat was of the same shade and had upstanding bows of ribbon. Her brother had a coat of Lincoln green cloth, with gaiters to match, and a green

felt hat, which contrasted well with his fair curling hair.

There is a tendency to return to the picturesque head-gear of a century since. The newest hats have wide and gracefully curling brims, with crowns of moderate height and plumes of feathers. These are made in every variety of felt, beaver and velvet, and in so many shades that one finds no difficulty in matching a costume. Bonnets are close-fitting and of moderate size, and, happily, do not display the curiously contrasting tints which made those of the summer season of 1894 so remarkable.

Fortunately, young girls and women are now allowed considerable latitude in the choice of clothing, and it is no longer necessary that they should strictly follow modes which conceal all their good points and accentuate their bad ones. To make one's dress decorative it is essential to study art principles, to have a quick perception of colour and form, and to adapt it to the occasion for which it is intended to be worn. Thoroughly sound construction is sufficient to insure beauty, and a well-designed costume is generally independent of trimmings. If certain embellishments are employed they must be appropriate to the surface adorned. Real elegance is rare because it is confounded with elaboration and display; while simplicity is the keynote of good taste, of genuine refinement and of culture.

Let us compare the English woman's dress with the extravagant display of Roman ladies of the first century of our era. We are told on trustworthy authority, that the dresses alone of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina were valued at £333,200. Surely that amount would make the plainest woman charming. Pliny relates that he saw her at a simple bridal supper, covered with pearls and emeralds worth 40,000,000 sesterces, equivalent in our money to £312,000. Another society beauty of nearly the same epoch, Lollia Sabina, enhanced her attractions by



AUTUMN HOUSE-DRESS.

a daily bath of asses' milk and kept five hundred of these animals for this purpose alone: and doubtless her attire was costly in proportion.

\* \* \*

A German specialist has recently pleaded for giving young people more sleep. A healthy infant sleeps the greater part of each day and night for the first five weeks. And in the early years of childhood people are disposed, for obvious reasons, to let their offspring rest as much as they feel disposed; but from six to seven, when school begins, there is a complete change. At the age of ten or eleven they are only allowed eight or nine hours, when ten or eleven hours at least is needed; and, as they grow older, that period is shortened. Up to twenty, nine hours' sleep should be taken, and an adult, who gets less than eight or nine hours, is apt to fall into a weak state of health. Where little sleep is enjoyed the nervous system, brain and other organs cease to



work normally, while exhaustion, excitability and intellectual disorders take the place of a healthy love of work.

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Only the favoured few are permitted to glance at the interior of the Royal Laundry. It is situated in Richmond Park, and costs her Majesty about £5,000 per annum to keep up. There all the Queen's personal and household linen is washed, as well as that of the princes and princesses, so as to minimise the risk of infection. For their households, however, other laundries are used. The Queen's underwear, though of exquisite fineness, is of the simplest design; but her daughters and granddaughters wear linen which is elaborately tucked, embroidered and trimmed with costly lace. The table linen bears her Majesty's monogram and arms; the rose, shamrock and thistle are introduced in the pattern, and each cloth has a set of serviettes to match.

# *The Comte de Paris.*

*By the Rev. MONTAGUE FOWLER.*

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ENGLAND has always held the proud position of offering a home to those who, from political or other misfortunes, have been compelled to leave the shores of their own country. But never has she extended a truer or more affectionate welcome than she did some eight years ago to the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and their children, when, at forty-eight hours' notice, they were driven from the land they loved so well. The shadow of a terrible grief has recently fallen on the House of Orleans, in the death of its illustrious head on September 8th, which has called forth our keenest sympathy with all the members of his family, and has naturally led to a desire, on the part of the public, for details of their home life, both in England and at Eu.

Of Stowe House, the magnificent property of the Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos, much has been written. The father of the late duke had the honour of entertaining, in one year, three European sovereigns, *viz.*, our beloved Queen and the Prince Consort, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of the Belgians. It is here that, for some few years past, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris have made their home amongst us. While maintaining the dignity and state that belong to them as members of the Royal House of France—a position which has always been scrupulously accorded them by the Prince and Princess of Wales and our own Royal family—they have, from the first, shown their interest in, and desire to support, all those institutions in the neighbourhood and county which naturally look to the occupants of Stowe for encouragement.

The Comtesse de Paris is an ardent

sportswoman, keen and courageous in following the wild boar through the vast forest of Eu, in the days of their residence at the château. She has delighted her Buckingham neighbours, not only by keeping a pack of harriers, but, together with her daughter, the Princess Hélène, by hunting and maintaining her place at the head of the field when following the hounds.

These characteristics of the mother have been transmitted to, and highly developed in, the son. Few men have had wider opportunities of using gun and rifle, amidst almost every conceivable variety of game, than the Duc d'Orleans, who has now succeeded to the position and title of Comte de Paris; and fewer still have acquitted themselves so ably. The museum at Stowe introduces us to South Africa, whence he has brought home the heads of ibex, antelope, springbok and many other specimens of deer; to India, where he had a narrow escape of his life, as the stuffed tiger, the damaged howdah, and the broken rifle, which face you when entering the room, so eloquently testify; to America, represented by the wapiti; and to Algiers. A large number of birds have been killed, by different members of the family, on the picturesque estate in Andalusia, where they reside for some months every year. These are mounted, and arranged round the music-room.

In the north hall stands a magnificent bronze, which at once attracts the attention by reason of its massive proportions no less than its beauty of design. It has always been specially valued by the Comte de Paris, having been presented to him by his brother officers of the army of



*Philippe Comte de Paris*

the Potomac, who, four years ago, entertained their royal comrade at a banquet in New York.

Although less than thirty years have passed since the American civil war was brought to a close, the details of those exciting times are unknown to many of us at the present day. The cause of the

conflict between the Northern and Southern States was the desire of the former to limit the area of slavery, while the latter were anxious to extend it. In December, 1860, eleven of the Southern States seceded from the union, and two months later formed themselves into a Confederation. The first blow was struck the



THE COMTE DE PARIS.

following April, and for four years the war waged without intermission, until, on April 3rd, 1865,<sup>1</sup> the Confederates were defeated, and all the Southern States surrendered to the Federal government. It was in September, 1861, that the Comte de Paris and his brother, the Duc de Chartres, having crossed the Atlantic shortly before, offered their services to the Federals, and were both placed on the staff of General McClellan, who commanded the army of the Potomac. On

several occasions the Comte de Paris gave evidence of that strong but unobtrusive courage which has characterised him, both in action and in patient endurance, throughout his life, especially during the early days of his connection with the Federal forces, when the tide of victory seemed to be favouring the Southerners. The little band of troops under his command was outnumbered and hard-pressed, and defeat seemed imminent. At the critical moment, the royal volunteer, rally-

ing his dispirited followers, rushed forward, sword in hand, but, in spite of his intrepidity, they were compelled to fall back. Towards the close of the year 1862, after McClellan's failure in the campaign against Richmond, - and his recall to assist in the defence of Washington, the two princes returned to France, carrying with them the good wishes of their comrades, and the admiration of all who had been associated with them on the field of battle.

A few of their personal treasures were brought to England by the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, but all the heirlooms and ancestral possessions still remain at the Chateau d'Eu, which has, since the law of exile was passed, been kept in readiness for the return to which the prince invariably looked forward with a hopefulness which no misfortune could destroy.

In the library at Stowe hangs a picture of the vessel in which the family sailed from Le Tréport; and over it is suspended the flag which floated aloft on that sad voyage when they claimed the hospitality of England. Le Tréport is a quiet seaport town on the coast of Normandy, situated at a break in the steep white cliffs, about twenty miles north-east of Dieppe. Two miles inland, following the course of the Bresle, stands Eu, noted alike for the château and the cathedral.

Excavations prove that—probably in Roman times—Eu possessed an amphitheatre, though the earliest records do not carry us back beyond 912 A.D. Since that time, however, its history has been inseparably connected with the royal residence. Of the original château, built in 925 A.D., which was erected on the site of a still older fortress, not a single trace now remains, but many interesting historic associations have outlived the



THE CHATEAU D'EU, FROM THE ROSE GARDEN.

disappearance of the fabric. It was there that, having brought his rough wooing to a successful close, William the Conqueror was wedded to Mathilde, the gentle daughter of the Comte de Flandres. In 1475 A.D. it shared the fate of the town, being burnt to the ground by order of Louis XI.; and a desolate waste of charred timber and ashes lay on every side of the churches (which alone escaped), presenting a miserable contrast to the former thriving borough and royal castle.

That the king afterwards felt shame for his unnecessarily cruel and hasty action is possible. "Vous pouviez n'en rien dire," Fénélon makes the monarch say to Philippe de Commines, his chronicler, referring to his many deeds unfit for history. "Vous pouviez n'en rien faire," was the rejoinder. "Quoi ! l'histoire ne doit-elle pas respecter les rois ?" said the king with indignation. "Les rois ne doivent-ils pas respecter l'histoire ?" replied the historian tartly.

Of the Comte de Paris it can be truly said that, while by his blameless, heroic, patient life, he respected history, so that his fame will enoble its pages, history will respect him, by showing to the world the beauty of his character and the noble consistency of his career.

The existing Château of Eu, which dates from the sixteenth century, was

decorated and improved by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, or La Grande Demoiselle, as she is called in history, to whose taste and skill much of the beauty of the park and grounds is due. She filled the house with costly furniture, works of art and pictures, preparing with willing hands for the lover who never came. There is something inexpressibly sad in these tributes of an affection forgotten and unrequited, the scenes of which have so long outlived the actors. Madame de Sevigné, in one of her letters, refers to the intention of "Mademoiselle" to pre-

that, overlooking his neglect, she willingly gave up to the Duc de Maine her claim to the Comté d'Eu and her beautiful house, in return for the freedom of de Lauzun.

In 1821, Louis Philippe (then Duc d'Orléans) visited the château, which had suffered grievously during the Revolution of 1793, and ordered a complete restoration of the grand old building.

The latest additions and improvements were made, within recent years, by the Comte de Paris, who expended a considerable sum of money upon the work.



THE NORTH HALL, STOWE HOUSE

sent the Duchy of Eu as a wedding gift to de Lauzun. The same writer, speaking of the great grief of the princess when, on the eve of her marriage, the king refused his consent, says: "Pour Mademoiselle, elle éclata en pleurs, en cris, en douleurs violentes, en plaintes excessives; et tout le jour elle n'est pas sortie de son lit, sans rien avaler que des bouillons"—a truly remarkable deprivation in those days of luxurious living.

But Mademoiselle, notwithstanding her grief and humiliation, remained constant to the object of her affection, for we find

The thoroughness, no less than the artistic taste of the Comte, is discernible in all the alterations carried out under his directions and supervision.

Many distinguished parties have assembled within the walls of the Château d'Eu. On two occasions our Queen visited King Louis Philippe. But, perhaps, the most remarkable gathering was in October, 1885, to celebrate the wedding of the Princess Amélie, daughter of the Duc de Chartres and niece of the Comte de Paris, to Prince Waldemar of Denmark. "When she was married,"

said the Doyen (Dean) of the Cathedral to me on my last visit to Eu, "the Prince and Princess of Wales were among the guests. What a marriage it was! What a concourse of people! Forty-five princes were there, with their various suites. It was Versailles again. When will those days return? God only knows."

It is said that the magnificence and splendour of this bridal party, and the indication which it gave of the sympathy and affection towards the representative of the Royal House of France on the part of the various princes who had accepted his hospitality, first aroused the Republican government to a sense of the power possessed by the owner of the Château d'Eu. The apprehensions of the danger which menaced the Republic from the close proximity of so formidable a rival, were greatly augmented by the marriage, six months later, of the eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris with the present King of Portugal, an alliance which necessarily added to the prestige and influence of the House of Orleans. It is generally believed that the latter event was the immediate cause of the crisis which followed so swiftly on the prince's return from Lisbon. The wedding took place on May 15th, 1886, and twelve days after, on May 27th, a Bill was introduced into Parliament for giving discretionary power to the Executive to expel the Orleans princes from France, and for confiscating their property. Immediately, reports began to be circulated of a disagreement in the Cabinet. Whether this were so or not remains a mystery; but, on June 11th, a new Bill was passed by the Chamber, providing for the immediate expulsion of the heads of families, and the heirs of dynasties, who had reigned in France. It was carried in the Senate by a majority of fifteen (137 votes to 122) on June 22nd, and was promulgated the same day. On June 24th, the Comte de Paris and his family quitted their beloved home. As soon as he reached Dover, he issued a protest, declaring the Monarchy to be the most suitable form of government for France, and placing himself at the head of the Royalists.

The events of that twenty-fourth of June and the grief with which it overwhelmed the loyal and devoted people of Eu were graphically described to me by one of the inhabitants. "Ah! that was,

indeed, a day of mourning, the day on which they left us. Everyone was in tears. The whole town accompanied them to Le Tréport, the place of embarkation. The streets of Eu were deserted. Young and old, rich and poor, women with their infants in their arms, all joined in the sorrowful procession. And, if some future day, they return to their home, depend upon it, we shall *all* be there to welcome them. What a happiness that would be!"

In the case of the Comte de Paris, this joyous reception, for which those simple-minded, affectionate people so ardently longed, has been denied them. Whether their hopes will be fulfilled in regard to his children, time alone can show.

The magnificent suites of rooms, hung with priceless treasures by some of the greatest artists of France, overlook the rose-garden. Here the lover of roses can enjoy a treat which is almost unique, there being between three and four thousand plants, including almost every known variety.

On the left, as you pass out of the château, is a large stone table, which bears the inscription: "Under the shadow of these beech trees the Guises held their councils during the sixteenth century." It is easy, when standing in the grounds, with the memories and traditions of the place so vividly impressed upon the mind, to picture those stirring scenes. We can imagine Henri, the handsome young Duc de Lorraine, sitting beneath the spreading beeches of the Parc of Eu, and hearing the suits of his vassals, with his Court grouped around him. We can see him later on, plotting with his followers to exclude Henri of Navarre from the throne. And then our thoughts travel onward through the centuries to those peaceful and happy gatherings round the same block of stone, when the political problems were exchanged for the quiet home intercourse, or for the entertainment of the royal and other guests, whose visits were always made agreeable by the bright and kindly welcome of their host and hostess.

From the western end of the gardens there extends a long avenue, consisting of trees, some of which are upwards of eight hundred years old. This beautiful and shady walk leads to a picturesque glade, where the mossy turf is almost hidden by the overhanging foliage, and from which



THE DRAWING-ROOM, STOWE HOUSE.

can be seen in the distance the stately lines of the château. This has always been a favourite resort of the family; and it was here that, on the occasion of the wedding already referred to, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, with the members of their house, and the entire number of their royal and distinguished guests, were photographed in a group, forming a picture which, in the light of subsequent events, has become historical.

Further on, we come to the summer-house, or pavilion, erected by Mademoiselle de Montpensier as a convenient trysting-place in which to meet her lover, de Lauzun. We have seen how enduring was her affection for a man who was utterly unworthy of such devotion. The same strength of character is shown in the following incident, which is well authenticated. On a certain occasion she had a quarrel with her father, whereupon she barricaded herself in the summer-house, armed the peasants, and for several days defended herself against a regiment of guards. The view from this point is very fine, and the little town of Le Tré-

port, the scene of that sad parting between the Comte and his devoted people, can be clearly distinguished.

From the château an underground passage leads to the cathedral, through which, in olden times, the royal inhabitants daily passed to attend mass. On the occasion of my visit to Eu, I made the acquaintance of the Doyen, M. de Chanteloup, who died about two years ago, at the age of eighty-five. He was a most interesting and well-informed man, and his deep affection for the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and all their children (every one of whom he had baptized), was truly touching. I sat with him a long time, inspected his library, and was shown a relic which he prized most highly. In recognition of the large sums of money he had expended on restoring and beautifying the church, the Archbishop had, the year before, presented him with a small piece of bone, removed from the casket in which were preserved, over the High Altar, the remains of St. Laurent, Archbishop of Dublin, who died at Eu in 1181 A.D. This had been placed on a

stand, surmounted by a gilt canopy; and it was with intense gratification that he exhibited to me his treasure.

Our conversation continually recurred to the royal friends, whose enforced departure from their home had led to the ruin of the town. Many an act of unobtrusive charity on the part of the bright and loving helpmeet of him who has so recently passed away was recounted; and the venerable old priest told with pride how, during their residence at Eu, poverty among the inhabitants was unknown. If a poor man had to sell a horse or cow, he had only to mention his need to the *Administrateur*, and the full price was given him. The Dean then took me to see the wonderful crypt, in which so many of the Comtes d'Eu lie buried. It was terrible to realise how, during the Revolution of 1793, the tombs were broken open, the lead of the coffins melted down for bullets, and the bones scattered in heaps upon the floor.

Wherever I went, I heard but one report of the affection and respect which the Comte and Comtesse de Paris inspired. Nor could I wonder at it, remembering how, from the first moment of my presentation to him, the prince,

with his frank and genial bearing, at once attracted me to him. It is impossible to forget his tall, dignified figure, his kindly face, and gentle manner. He spoke of the pain of separation from his beloved France, but always with the undercurrent of hope, as shown by the condition in which the château was kept, that he might some day return. The Comtesse, who speaks English fluently, displayed in every sentence the wonderful reserve of power and spirits which have rendered her so invaluable a life companion, and have endeared her to all her friends and acquaintances.

No one could visit the château, standing empty and tenantless as it does, without a feeling of sadness at the thought of the Comte de Paris, exiled from the home where his memory will long be cherished by those who, while not rebelling against the existing form of government, ever love to think and speak of him as their sovereign. Whatever effect his death may have upon the political aspect of France, there is but one feeling in the minds of all who were privileged to know him—that a man of high character and true nobility has gone from their midst, and that they have lost a kind and steadfast friend.

## *A Story Without Names.*

"**W**HEN did you last come to confession, my daughter?"

"I have never been to confession before," said a clear, soft voice.

The priest started, and tried to glance through the orifice to which his ear had been inclined; but he saw only a kneeling figure, whose face was hidden by two slender, gloved hands.

"I had better tell you at once that I am not a Catholic," said the voice, which, in spite of sadness, had a thrill of eager life in it very different from the conventional drone to which the good father was accustomed; "but I am very unhappy—in great trouble—and I thought, if I might tell you about it, perhaps you would help me. Will you?"

"If I can, my daughter."

"It is a long story, all about myself; I am afraid I shall weary you."

"It matters not, my daughter; I am here to serve, not to please myself."

"Oh!" It was clear that the penitent, being unused to her position, had not expected this frank admission. She began again, more calmly. "I must tell you first, that I am an only daughter and an heiress, and—it was natural perhaps—a good many men have wished—have asked me to—have wanted to marry me."

"I understand, my daughter."

"I do not suppose they cared for me, myself; it was only because I was rich."

"It is possible, my daughter."

"It does not signify now, for not one of them was anything more to me than an acquaintance; I cared for no one, except my father, till—till six years ago."

"Well, my daughter?"

"We were spending the winter in Rome! I met—him—first at a ball, and afterwards almost everywhere. We were not exactly in the same set, but he contrived to be with us a great deal, especially in the Galleries, where I was allowed to go alone, and where we often spent long mornings together, painting. He had taken up art as a profession, and I for amusement, but our love for it drew us together; and then he was so different from anyone else—so earnest and good. I was a better girl when I was with him; and he loved me, yes, I think he did love

me for myself. I was so happy that I hardly dared to think of it; I did not want anything to happen; I did not even want him to speak openly of love, for I was sure that he loved me, and it seemed as if nothing could be more delicious than—but I am saying what must seem like nonsense to you."

"We are accustomed to all phases of life, my daughter."

"So the time went on in a sort of dream. One day I was dressing to go out; I remember I was standing before the glass, and smiling to myself as I thought how soon I should be with him, when the English post came in. It brought me a letter from a cousin who had been engaged for some months; she wrote to tell me that her fiancé was in Rome, and to beg that my father would call upon him or invite him to come to us. She enclosed his name and address; they were those of the man I was going to meet! I might have hoped that there was some mistake, but she added a description, which left no possible doubt of his identity. It is no use trying to tell you what I felt. If I could only have gone away—have left Rome at once, so that I might never have seen him again! but to meet him as of old—to hear his voice and look into his eyes—seemed as if it would be more pain than I could bear. I did not know then what a woman can bear, and live.

"Yet I dared not avoid him; I had betrayed myself too much already, and now the one thing I hoped for was to show him that I had cared as little for him as he for me. So I went, as I had intended, to my place in the Gallery, and took my seat before the picture we were copying.

"When he joined me I tried, harder than I had ever tried for anything in my life before, to speak and look as if nothing had happened; but he must have seen how my hands trembled, if he had not been himself restless and agitated. His own hands were not steady; more than once I caught his eyes fixed on me, instead of on his work, and at last he threw down his brush and began to speak. I do not think I can tell you all he said."

"No, it is not necessary."

"He spoke first of his engagement. He said that he had believed he loved my cousin, but that since he had known me it had become hateful to him; and that only the day before he had written to tell her that he could not carry it out; he implored me to forgive him for having won my love; but I would not listen to more. His last sentence roused me to frenzy, and I broke into a torrent of cruel words. I told him that he had never won my love, that I had only been amusing myself, and that if my cousin had not existed, still I would never have married him. I knew all the time that I was wrong, but I was mad with pain and rage. While I was speaking I had gathered my things together, and I finished by announcing carelessly that we were to leave Rome on the next day, so that I should not have the pleasure of seeing him again. He made one passionate appeal as I turned away, but I would not even look at him."

She stopped with a sighing breath, which was almost a groan.

"That night, after I had gone to my room, I heard a slight noise at my window, as if the leaves of a tree had swept across it. I listened; it came again, and then there was silence. I was not alarmed, for I knew that a large tree grew outside my room, which was on the second floor; but the thought of the fresh air came with a sense of relief to my strained nerves. I raised my curtain, pushed open my window, and stretched my arm to grasp the leaves. Instead, my fingers closed on a cold hand, and in the dim light I saw a human face so close to mine that I was almost touching it. Before I could scream, a voice I knew only too well whispered my name, and burning words of love were poured into my ear. He, my lover, had climbed the tree, and was beginning again the pleading I had cut short in the morning. It was not love he asked for now, but only forgiveness; only to hear me say that I believed in him—that I did not think he had been deceiving me all the time. I was so afraid of being found by anyone in this equivocal position that I hardly heard him; but now, every day, every hour of my life, I hear that pleading voice. He swore again and again that he had striven to be true to my cousin, but had found the task beyond his strength; he implored me not to send

him away into the darkness without one word to tell him that he had been something more to me than a mere acquaintance. He prayed me not to destroy the sweetest memory of his life—not to let him go away feeling that the words and looks which had made the joy of the last weeks had been only a mockery. Oh, why did he keep on referring to the very things of which I was so utterly ashamed? The thought of those words and looks maddened me; I tore myself out of his grasp with a hasty movement; there was a horrible creaking sound, a snap, and then a sickening thud told me that he had reached the ground. Oh, God! I can hear it yet."

"Hush, hush, my daughter; that name must not be lightly used here."

"I was stricken dumb with horror for a moment; then I leaned out and called his name softly, but there was no answer. Oh, how can I tell you the rest? I was such a wretched coward that I did not dare to rouse anyone; I loved my own good name better than his life, and I left him there to die! All night I walked about my room, sometimes listening at the window and fancying that I could hear him groan, sometimes with my hand on the door to go to his help, and then driven back again by the fear of detection. In the morning I dressed and went down long before my usual time; I stepped out into the sunshine, as I had done on so many happy mornings—"

"And—?"

"There was nothing; only a broken bough and some blood on the grass near it. That night we were warned to be particular about fastening our windows, as it was supposed some thief had climbed the tree with a view to robbery. There was a small panic among the women in the hotel, and they wondered that I was so calm. Calm! when it was all I could do to keep from shrieking aloud in my agony. I made some excuse for not going on with my picture; indeed, the next day I was really ill, and my father, in a fit of nervousness about my health, insisted on leaving Rome at once.

"From that hour to this no tidings of the man I betrayed have ever reached me. When we returned home I learned from my cousin that nothing had been heard of her fiancé since she received the letter announcing his change of feeling; her letters had been returned, marked

'Gone, no address,' and enquiries in Rome showed that he had left his rooms one evening about two months before—that was just when I saw him last—and had never returned. How I have lived I do not know; if he is dead, I am his murderer, and I feel that his blood is on my hand. Over and over again I live through that terrible scene; over and over again I see how easily I might have saved him. I cannot sleep; I dare not think; I dare not pray."

Her voice was choked with sobs."

"Poor child," said the priest.

The girl checked her tears. "Don't," she said simply. "I don't deserve to be pitied. You have not heard all yet."

"Well, my daughter."

"My father has become very unhappy about me; he is growing old, and longs, he says, to see me settled before he dies. He is urging me to marry a man whom he knows he could trust with me."

"And do you love this man?"

"Oh, no, no; not as I loved the other. I like and esteem him; I dare say I could even love him, in a way, if I were to try, but how dare I become the wife of a good man, with such a secret hidden in my heart? How could I ever look him in the face, or bear to hear him call me good and true? And yet I am making my father wretched by refusing. I think and think till I am too confused to know right from wrong. I can bear the burden alone no longer; help me—tell me what I ought to do."

"Listen to me, my daughter. It seems to me that you are taking too gloomy a view of this thing altogether. If your friend had been killed, or even seriously hurt, he would have been found where he lay, and you would have heard of it. Is it not more probable that his injuries were but trifling, and that, anxious, like yourself, to quit a place where he had suffered so much, and not caring to return to his rooms, where his appearance might have aroused suspicion, he left Rome secretly, and took means to prevent himself from being traced?"

"Then you think he may be still alive?"

"I think so—yes—decidedly."

"If I thought that," said the girl slowly, "I would never marry anyone else, for some day I might meet him again, and then nothing—no promise, no tie—could keep me from loving him still."

"That is an idea of which I cannot altogether approve," said the priest hurriedly. "You have sinned—deeply perhaps—but you, too, have repented—have suffered; now a path is opened to you whereby you may prove your repentance by giving up your own will to that of others, and I think it would be well for you to take it. Your first duty is to your father: obey him, then, do your part faithfully, and leave the rest to God."

"And if I should meet him again?"

"Our Father does not lay upon us more than we are able to bear. You will not meet him, or, if that were possible, you would have strength given you for the ordeal."

"And if I try to do my duty, as you say, do you think I may feel myself forgiven?"

"Freely, entirely. Be comforted, my child," and the solemn voice grew infinitely tender; "grieve no more for a past which has lost its bitterness. It is over, and perhaps it is better so. Love and youth lie behind you, but the future is before, and there is work in it for you. When everything else is gone, this remains: to do right, because it is right; to live our lives nobly, because so best can we make them worth living; to be faithful to those who love us, because only thus can we thank God for the gift of their love. Forget those days which can never be recalled; or, if you ever think of—him—let it be only to remember how he would have bade you be brave and patient, for his sake. It will be hard sometimes—I know it is hard—but peace will come—it must come—at last to us all."

She was weeping silently. "You will pray for me?" she said.

"Until my life's end."

"And will you bless me, although I am not of your faith?"

The priest tried to utter the formula with which he was wont to dismiss his penitents, but his voice failed him; he could only lay his hand in silence on the bowed head.

Then the girl rose and went softly away. At the door she turned, if haply she might catch a glimpse of her unknown counsellor. But the priest had fallen upon his knees; his disfigured face was hidden on his arms, and in his heart was only one thought: "She did love me, after all."

J. S.



# INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH

SOCIAL, DRAMATIC, MUSICAL, & GOSSIP.

## NOTIONS FROM AN EASY CHAIR.

By JOHN A. STEUART.

I AM glad to see the third-class passenger promoted to his proper place. I am much interested in the welfare of the third-class passenger; as often as opportunity occurs, I am a third-class passenger myself, and I feel honoured and gratified, in the capacity of an infinitesimal fraction of the great public, at being patted on the back by the august dignitaries, the grave and reverend seigniors who preside over the destinies of railway companies. It is very good indeed of these gentlemen to acknowledge that "me and my mates" contribute by far the largest proportion of their passenger revenue. They might have made the confession a little earlier, perhaps; and they might be a shade more ardent—shall I say a trifle more grateful in tone?—when they do make it. But one is so glad to find them slowly awakening to a sense of their obligations that one is disposed to let trifles pass. Let the past go; of more consequence is the future. It is to be fervently hoped that, having discovered a great fundamental truth, and somehow found the courage to give it public expression, railway managers will lose no time in acting on it. The moribund first-class passenger has been pampered ever since he came into existence; yet, in spite of all the indul-

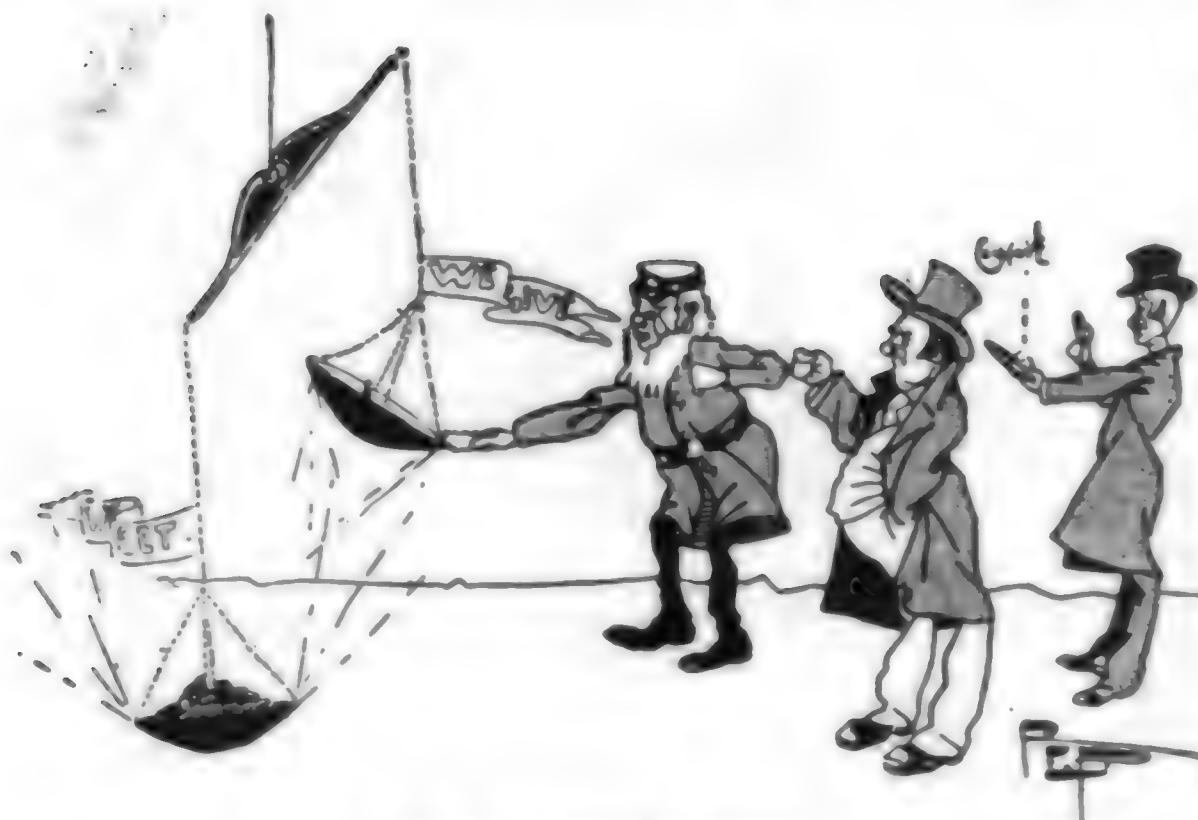
gences lavished upon him, he is gradually dwindling and dying. On the main lines the second-class passenger is being quietly abolished without any consideration whatever for his feelings; the third alone remains lusty and expansive.

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Managers had better see to it that they treat him well—not in a condescending manner, as if they were conferring benefits and privileges to which he was not entitled, or for which he was not paying; but like a gentleman who owes no man anything, and can therefore look the whole world straight in the face. One or two lines, to their credit be it spoken, are showing a commendable desire to make the third-class passenger comfortable. The London and North Western and Great Northern, for example, have excellent carriages, roomy, easy and well lighted. There are, however, other lines (which need not be particularised) whose policy is evidently



PATTED ON THE BACK.



TO GET AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE.

to get as much as possible out of the generous third-class passenger and give as little as possible in return. Multitudes of the men and women who pour into London every morning (Sunday excepted) will agree with me when I say that, considering the stage of civilisation at which we have arrived, the accommodation on more than one railway is little short of disgraceful and the comfort nil — absolutely nil. The carriages are too frequently low, ill ventilated and ill lighted, and, in point of ease, are veritable bone shakers. The third-class passenger is long-suffering and exceedingly slow to wrath ; but one of these days he will rise in his might, and then the autocrats who take his cash and care not for his comfort will probably be astonished. In the meantime, he might enter a gentle protest against the manner in which he is treated by some of his friends ; if that should not produce the desired effect, let him make the protest stronger, and, if the second attempt to reason fail, why, then let him strike. There is not a railway manager in England who would hold out against him for a month.

\* \* \*

At the meeting  
of one of the rail-

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way companies, the chairman waxed eloquent over the good qualities of the third-class passenger. That much-desiderated person is not, it appears, what he used to be. He is now so eminent-ly respectable, so thor-oughly well-behaved, that ordinary folk can travel in his company without fear of offence or contamination. Heaven bless the chairman for his gracious admission ! Culture has laid its refining finger on the erstwhile rude third-class passen-

ger, and has transformed him into a model of all the virtues. Heaven bless culture ! The friends of culture will note the pleasing fact with joy, and will henceforth scout the notion that, in spite of our boasted scholastic achievements, we are still a nation of barbarians. Barbarians indeed ! Let those who think us barbaric read the eulogies that have been passed on us. If the third-class passenger goes on improving, we shall have him at Court functions presently, hob-nobbing with princes and other gay and illustrious personages. Unquestionably he is on the high road to unimagined triumphs. If he have but conceit enough of himself, he will have a controlling influence in Parliament by and by, and be able to make and unmake ministries. It may be also that he will succeed in removing the burden of taxes to other and broader backs than those which bear it now, and, above all,



ABLE TO DICTATE.

he will be able to dictate to railway directors what they are to do and what they are not to do. Undoubtedly he is progressing in the social scale. The only danger is that, with the rush of compliments from great people, he may lose his head. That would be a disaster, because it might hinder his advancement to power in Church and State and Commerce. Let him watch himself; destiny has its eye on him.

\* \* \*

It is not likely that many readers of the LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED are members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It is a grave and learned body that discusses grave and learned matters in a grave and learned way. Hence the light and frivolous public does not follow its deliberations with any particular ardour or interest. But Lord Salisbury's recent address to the savants at Oxford must have attracted more than the usual amount of attention among people not remarkable for power of thought or scientific attainments. Lord Salisbury is a humourist—an audacious and, I fear as some will conclude, a slightly irreverent one. As President of the British Association, he jested—jested with such hoary and tremendous subjects as natural selection and the age of the earth; nay, we are told he had the most scientific audience in the world in convulsions of laughter. My morning paper tells me (and what the morning paper says is gospel) that "the portion" (of the address) "which dealt with the reputed age of the earth was recited by the Marquis with the most masterly regard to the different shades of good-humoured sarcasm demanded by the matter." There you are; who shall dare to deny after that the progress of man? The age of the earth, according to the



LORD SALISBURY IS A HUMOURIST.

able audiences?

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There seems to be some doubt as to the precise age of our little planet. The term of its existence varies according to the point of view of the reckoner or critic. Lord Kelvin places the age of our venerated general parent, or rather the period during which she has sustained organic life, at a hundred million years. If the reckoning be correct, there can be no doubt whatever that our venerated parent is getting old. Professor Tait, however, lifts our hearts by assuring us she is not a day over ten million years. On the other hand, the biologists and geologists pretend to have documentary evidence that she is at the very least three or four hundred million years. When you are supporting a theory, of course, a hundred million years are neither here nor there—a matter of a few ciphers, that is all; and figures being free, there is no reason why one should not be prodigal of them. But it may be said the lavish use of them interferes considerably with accuracy. Or perhaps, after all, science is, as the poet averred, only a fairy tale. As regards the age of the earth, it must be admitted that

morning paper (and better be out of the world than dispute the authority of the morning paper); according then to that impeccable and omniscient organ, the age of the earth is a subject *demanding*, mark you, *demanding* sarcastic treatment. Poor old Earth, after being the theme of poets and sages and preachers, has become the jest of the man of science, a laughing-stock to fashionable audiences. One is inclined to weep over our mother's fall. What has she done, what has been her sin to deserve the jeers of men of science and the laughter of fashion-

between ten millions and three or four hundred millions the imagination has plenty of room to play ; and I suppose the reader is quite at liberty to take the figures he likes best. In justice to the biologists, it ought to be remembered that they are concerned with the age of the earth only in so far as it affects their argument that man is descended in a direct line from a jellyfish. Their pretty idea is that a bloated jellyfish, sunning himself on the primeval beach was the original and only genuine ancestor of the human race. This is a doctrine for theologians to ponder in the quiet of their studies ; it is also a doctrine to make us all humble, and to make little boys and girls at the seaside careful in kicking their slimy progenitors.

\* \* \*

It is not known that the first of the family, as he reclined in the midst of the primal silence, had the remotest idea of the exalted destiny in store for him. Probably he did not trouble himself with speculations about the future, the indolent old vagabond ! nor ever dreamed of the contentions, scientific, literary and theological, of which he was to be the first great cause. But things move. Evolution has at least partly done its work ; the higher is ever being moulded out of the lower, and in the course of events moral principles were engrafted on the nature of the developing animal. So that now from the heights of a vast progress and out of our stores of accumulated virtue, we can return good for evil. The jellyfish enjoying the first blissful sensations of life did not trouble about his progeny, but now his progeny troubles itself vastly about him. Lord Salisbury poked a good deal of fun at him, with a side wipe to those who trace him down through the hundreds of millions of years till he appears, let us say, as the fashionable audience assembled in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford. It will be admitted that the

variations in the line of descent are considerable, and that Lord Salisbury, as a humourist, had his legitimate opportunity. Science is wont to boast that it deals with facts, not with fancies. Lord Salisbury showed that its chief stock-in-trade is fancy, and fancy, too, that is often self-contradictory. After all the jesting and the theorising, we can but say that one fact remains indisputable. The earth is, and we know not how stolid and uncomplaining, she takes all the jokes made at her expense without a sign of irritation or resentment. And one day she will take the jokers to her broad bosom and fold them close and reduce them to their original elements. And other jokers will arise to be endured in the same calm and catholic spirit till their time comes, and they likewise are taken hospitably home, to joke no more for ever. For Earth was, and is, and is likely to remain, a puzzle. The ancient lady obdurately holds her peace, disclosing no secrets, and silently goes her way to destinies concerning which we can only speculate. "Is not earth as yet so young ?" asks Tennyson, and then he informs us that

" Far beyond her myriad changes, Earth will be  
Something other than the wildest modern guess of  
you or me."

But all the same, we shall continue to guess and stake our salvation on a theory.

\* \* \*

Some four years ago there was published a little book in which I had a supreme personal interest. It presumed, with almost



MAKE LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS CAREFUL.

incredible audacity, to tell living authors facts about themselves and their works with which they were not acquainted, and it stinted neither praise nor blame. In spite of its unconventionality, the critics treated it handsomely, and said kind things of the author; most of them he believed at the time, but I doubt whether he is quite so certain of their truth to-day. That, however, may pass. My reason for referring to the book is that it contains criticisms of two distinguished novelists who are now prominently before the public; I mean Mr. R. D. Blackmore and Mr. Hall Caine. Turning, for example, to the part devoted to Mr. Caine, I find these words: "If I were to make a prediction as to which of the younger novelists of England should ultimately take the lead—should, to quote Mr. Buchanan, 'rise in the end to genuine eminence, to the sad, sunless aureole of fame,' I think I should name you." Did not "The Bondman," to some extent, justify these words? And does not "The Manxman" (W. Heinemann) justify them to a still greater extent? Let those answer who have been reading the reviews of the latter book. Wise (and perhaps disappointed) men have warned us over and over again against putting an implicit *faith* in the reviewers. The reviewers, it ~~must~~ be owned, are undoubtedly human, and therefore undoubtedly imperfect. In this case they are supported by the general verdict of readers—a circumstance that may or may not be convincing to the wise ones. Everybody is reading "The Manxman," and everybody is declaring that it is out and away its author's best book. I am not quite sure that I agree with everybody. I remember the magnificent imaginative power of "The Deemster" and "The Bondman," and reflect that it is exceedingly hard for Mr. Hall Caine to beat himself. Has he succeeded in beating—in surpassing himself? Different critics will answer according to their different lights and tastes. For myself, I do not think there is anything in the new book quite equal in tragic grandeur and impressiveness to the Tynwald Scene in "The Deemster." Again, the delineation of the brothers in "The Bondman" attains an imaginative pitch which must always be rare in prose fiction, and is one of the very best things any living novelist has done.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let it not be forgotten that I am com-

paring Mr. Caine with himself—a very powerful rival indeed. The new book is to be taken as a whole, rather than in detached scenes or fragments, and the fact implies a high compliment to its art. "The Manxman" is ingenious and original in construction, and is full of that titanic power which we have learned to expect from its author. It marks, too, a new departure on the writer's part—a departure, however, on which every reader may not be able to congratulate himself. The theme is as old as human nature itself, being man's selfishness and woman's frailty; and round the incidents of a troubled love, Mr. Caine weaves a story which, once begun, is not likely to be laid aside until the last sentence is reached. "The Manxman," further, contains Mr. Caine's most elaborate portrait of a woman. After the first shock of her headlong passion, Kate is, with all her faults, truly human. Philip, her paramour, and the hero of the story, is a mixed character, whose good qualities are far to seek until the very end, when he has the courage to own himself an unparalleled coward and hypocrite. Pete, who has been wronged and injured both as lover and husband, is, at times, an exceedingly attractive character. His devices to screen his absent and erring wife touch the springs of true and deep pathos. In the end, perhaps, he is a little too good for human nature's daily food. To my mind (speaking as a degenerate son of Adam), he assuredly ought to have killed Philip. A man who is only a man can bear but a certain amount of imposition. Sometime, under sore provocation, he will turn and rend the impostor. Pete does not turn, and by his forbearance he sacrifices not a little of the reader's sympathy: perhaps, also, something of his or her interest. These are a few of the comments which a critic feels impelled to make—a few of the points to which, in his cavilling way, he must take exception. The book, as a whole, is an exceedingly strong piece of work. Power, first, last and always, is the quality which distinguishes Mr. Hall Caine's work. In pure force he has no equal among living English novelists, except Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith. "The Manxman" is the strongest novel we have had since "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Blackmore's new book, "Perly-cross" (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.),

is not a second "Lorna Doone." The plot seems rather inadequate, and the movement is sometimes less brisk than one could wish. It has no great situations, no great characters, like the ever-memorable John Ridd. None the less, it has the subtle charm which lures the reader on he scarce knows how. The style is full of those unostentatious beauties which cultured people have always marked and welcomed in Mr. Blackmore's work, and the descriptions of nature are often beyond praise. But it is in the character-drawing that the master shows himself most clearly. Mr. Blackmore has always possessed a delicate pervasive humour. In the present book it everywhere gives fascination to the tale. Nothing could be more delightful or truer to nature than some of the scenes in which rural people are made to show themselves. The book is one to be read at leisure, and read twice over by genuine lovers of literature.

J. A. S.

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#### DRAMATIC NOTES.

By FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

THEATRES are opening again rapidly, and new pieces are being produced. While Mr. Edward Terry is away, his theatre has been taken for a time by Mr. Holloway, who has produced "The Foundling," by Messrs. Lestocq and Robson. The piece has met with considerable favour, but time will yet show whether it is sufficiently strong to hold its own against stronger attractions.

At the Comedy, Mr. Comyns Carr has given us "The New Woman," a piece full of dramatic force and human interest. It is well cast, and will, no doubt, run for some months.

The Gaiety is going strong with a revival of "Little Jack Sheppard." On the first night, the feelings of the brilliant gathering were very much mixed. Many who were present to give the new exponents of the parts a hearty welcome and wish them success, could not but let their memories travel back to the former production of "Jack Sheppard," when we had those with us whom, alas, we shall never see on the boards again. Jack was then enacted by that best and most vivacious of actresses, Miss Nellie Farren. Who that had once seen her could ever forget her! Miss Farren always seemed to enter into the spirit of the fun, and

derived as much enjoyment out of the part as did those who witnessed her performance. Jonathan Wild was then played by that best of good fellows, Fred Leslie. In my humble opinion, Fred Leslie was the best actor we ever had in this line of business. He was an artist to his finger tips. His exuberant spirits bubbled out and effervesced in such a manner that the veriest curmudgeon could not help but be amused; and, with it all, Fred was never vulgar. It was, therefore, with something more than ordinary interest we looked forward to the reproduction.



MISS JESSIE PRESTON IN "LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD."

The piece had been brought up to date. The Tower Bridge had been added in the second act, and Blueskin managed to crack his wheeze about the "Nonconformist Conscience." The production was all that could be desired, and the cast carefully chosen. It will, therefore, be but stale news to say that success was the outcome of it all.

Miss Jessie Preston was chosen as the successor to Nellie Farren; and Miss Preston justified Mr. George Edwardes' choice by working with unflagging zeal from start to finish. She played with skill and judgment, and found great fa-

vour with the audience for her singing and sprightly dancing. Miss Amy Augarde was the new Thames Darrell, and added greatly to the success by her vocal contributions; her duet with Winifred, "This is a fairy tale," being charmingly rendered. Miss Ellaline Terriss, as the new Winifred Wood, lent a peculiar grace and charm to all she did, and speedily captured all with her first song, "Only you." But Miss Terriss is too sweet and gentle altogether for burlesque. Ere long we shall see her at the Lyceum; for Mr. Henry Irving, always eager to surround himself with the very best talent, has engaged her services for his new production.

Miss Florence Levey danced as gracefully as ever—if anything, even more wonderfully and gracefully. Miss Kate Cannon, now a well-established Gaiety favourite, looked still handsomer and bonnier than of yore, and threw herself, heart and soul, into the fun.

To Mr. Charles Danby's careful hands was entrusted the character of Blueskin, and it is needless to add that Charles made the very most of the part. He sang, he danced, he cracked wheezes whenever he could get a chance. His song, "Farewell," which he delivered from the chair of the sing-song given on the *Floating Folly*, called forth rounds of applause and encores. Mr. Willie Warde, as Mr. Kneebone, put in a lot of hard work, and also did a pretty dance in the second act with Miss Florence Levey. Mr. Frank Wood, as Abraham Mendez, did all he could do, but he seemed wasted on the part. Surely, when the character is in such capable hands, some opportunity might be given Mr. Frank Wood. The same remark would apply to Mr. E. W. Royce, who is the father of Winifred Wood. It goes, however, to show that Mr. George Ed-



MISS FLORENCE LEVEY IN "LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD."

tions. He acted wisely in introducing as



IN "LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD."

wardes has spared no expense to get the very best cast together when he entrusts minor parts to such talented and well tried actors.

The surprise of the evening was Mr. Seymour Hicks.

Much curiosity had been expressed as to how he would comport himself, and some comment was passed as to the wisdom of entrusting such an important part as Jonathan Wild to such a young actor, particularly as it had been formerly played by that prince of actors, Fred Leslie. Much, therefore, was expected of Mr. Seymour Hicks, and he, I think, came up to everybody's expecta-



MR. E. W. ROYCE IN "LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD."

much of his own business and wheezes as he could. Of course, he could not altogether disassociate himself from the excellent business and gags of Fred Leslie, and herein he appeared weakest; but where he relied entirely on himself he fairly astonished us all. His introduction of the tramp speech, song and dance was a revelation, and showed us that there was a lot of good stuff in him. Mr. Hicks has already put in a good deal of work. His performance at Toole's, as Dr. MacPhail in "Walker, London," was good, but he did still better at the Court, and in the skit, "Under the Clock," he showed us he had a lot of fun and humour in him. I cannot compare Mr. Hicks to anybody; for he was himself; and in striking out an original line, he showed his wisdom. When he has settled down, and had time to look round and invent new busi-

ness and gags, I have no doubt he will be still better in the part of Jonathan Wild.

\* \* \*

"Little Jack Sheppard," with its three acts and eight scenes brought up to date, is likely to continue in the favour of the public until such time as Mr. Geo. Edwardes will have his new burlesque ready.

\* \* \*

"Go Bang," while running strong at the Trafalgar, suddenly closed. The members of the syndicate agreed to differ among themselves, and, in consequence, the production, in the midst of its success, was withdrawn, and many good artistes were suddenly thrown out of an engagement. Mr. John L. Shine then was mentioned as the next manager, and his piece, "Wink the Other Eye-vanhoe," was named as the successor to "Go Bang;" now, as we are going to press, I hear that "The Chinaman," by Mr. John Tressahar, has gone into immediate rehearsal, with both Mr. Frank Wyatt and Mr. Tressahar in the cast.

\* \* \*

The Lyric, with "Little Christopher Columbus," seems to have taken a new lease of life with the addition of Miss Florence St. John and Miss Geraldine Ulmar.

Messrs. G. R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh are responsible for the book of "Little Christopher," and Mr. Ivan Caryll has contributed the tuneful music.

Two acts enable us to have two and a half hours' good fun.

Act I. shows us the great square at Cadiz, where is being held the anniversary of the Columbus fêtes, and from where the S.S. *Chocklaw* is about to sail for America. Little Christopher is imprisoned, but Pepita, a dancing girl, is induced to take Christopher's place; this is made



IN "LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD."

the more easy because Don Juan, the Captain of the Guard, is in love with Pepita, and he readily agrees, with the assistance of a bribe, to let Christopher out. Silas Block is a Chicago pork millionaire, whose wife, the second Mrs. Block—accompanied by her daughter, Guinevere, and her private detective, O'Hoolegan—has been doing the grand tour, on the look out for a suitable husband for her daughter.

Act II. finds us in the Chicago exhibition, where O'Hoolegan is being searched for by the Cadiz officials for having impersonated the governor and liberated a prisoner. Captain Slammer of the good ship *Chocktaw* finds out that Christopher is heir to a title and large estates; so he insists on his daughter Hannah making desperate love to Christopher, or, rather, to Pepita, who, being disguised as Christopher, is mistaken for him. Little Christopher, having once saved Guinevere Block from drowning, is now in love with her. Everything ultimately ends happily, and everybody is satisfied.

Miss Florence St. John is Little Christopher and charms everyone with her rendering of the lyrics allotted to her. It is refreshing to see Miss St. John once more in such parts. Miss Geraldine Ulmar, too, is an acquisition to the cast:



MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN IN "LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

and these two ladies more than recompense one for the secession of Miss May Yohe. Miss Mabel Love is a very lively Pepita, and delights one and all with her dancing. Miss Love is coming on very fast, indeed; and it is pleasant to see with what a will she throws herself into the part and helps to make the whole production the success it is.

Of course, the burden of the piece falls on the shoulders of O'Hoolegan and Mrs. Block, played by Mr. E. J. Lonnens and Mr. John F. Sheridan. Mr. Lonnens' disguises are numerous and varied, and in each and every one he is perfectly at home. He works hard from start to finish, and whenever he is on the stage the fun is fast and furious.

Mr. John F. Sheridan has made the part of Mrs. Block his own, as he did that of the Widow O'Brien in "Fun on the Bristol," years ago. His unctious and easy humour is delightful. He seems to thoroughly get inside his part, and I should say that those costumes of his do want some getting into, without a doubt. His song and dance with Mr. Lonnens, as the Sisters Giggle, is one of the hits of the



MR. E. J. LONNEN IN "LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

piece. Mr. Laidlaw, Mr. Furneaux Cook, Miss Millie Marsden and Miss Maud Holland all go to complete the cast, all of whom combine to make the piece the success it is.

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Miss Cissy Grahame, who was the first to take "The Triple Bill" on tour, is having a very successful time of it in the Provinces just now. Among her pieces, three of which are performed every night, are "The Highwayman," "The Commission," "Faithful James" and "The Pantomime Rehearsal." Miss Grahame has now secured the rights of "The Gaiety Girl" for the Provinces, one or two towns, for the present, excepted. Miss Grahame is another proof of the success attending good catering. She puts good pieces before her country friends, and she surrounds herself with good artistes. Her leading man is Mr. W. E. Gregory, for a long time a member of Mr. Charles Wyndham's famous Criterion company. Mr. Gregory has established a reputation for himself in the Provinces, and is a favourite wherever he goes. Mr. Horace Mills is another of Miss Grahame's "crowd." He has only to be seen to be appreciated; and his rendering of such parts as the waiter in "Faithful James," or Lord Arthur in "The Pantomime Rehearsal," is inimitable. His name is a sure draw whenever seen on the bill. Mr. Jack Benn also is another well tried member of Miss Grahame's company. Everyone will remember Mr. Brandon Thomas' performance in "The Pantomime Rehearsal." I believe he founded his part on Mr. Benn. Mr. Dicky Boleyn is Miss Grahame's trusty and trusted manager. It is not surprising that the "Triple Bill" company, with such clever exponents, is the great success it is in every town of note it visits.

"Wapping Old Stairs" seems to have



MISS MAUD HOLLAND, "LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

been followed by the same misfortune in the Provinces as befell it at the Vaudeville. In London it never had a proper chance; its success was marred, to a great extent, by a faulty management. Yet Mr. Stuart Robertson's words are good, and Mr. Talbot's music bright and sparkling. Were it well cast and properly managed, I believe it would even yet succeed.

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"Our Flat" seems to have started another long run at the Strand. Mr. Willie Edouin's Nathaniel Glover is funnier than ever. It does me good to sit and watch him for a while. He is supported by a good company, which includes many of the original cast. Mr. Chas. Fawcett and Mr. Herbert Ross are old Strand



favourites ; so, also, are Miss Annie Goward and Miss Georgie Esmond. Miss Goward's slavey is a delightful study, and she, when on the stage, keeps the house in screams of laughter. Mr. Douglas Gordon is not altogether new to London. He has put in much good work in the Provinces, and has played several minor parts in London. He is of good appearance and address, and I hope to see him in more ambitious parts before long. I believe he will fully justify the confidence placed in him. Mr. Cecil Paget is a newcomer to the Strand, and by no means an unwelcome one. Mr. Edouin has the reputation of unearthing talent, and giving it an opportunity of displaying itself. He has succeeded again. It is pleasing to have to record this successful run of "Our Flat," the more so that Mr. Edouin has had rough luck in one or two of the later productions at his theatre.

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The Fratelli Gatti have played "The Fatal Card," and it has been found to be a trump. In other words their new drama is a distinct success. Mr. Haddon Chambers has heaped sensation on sensation, and Mr. William Terriss, Mr. W. L.

Abingdon, Mr. Murray Carson and Mr. Harry Nicholls have, one and all, striven their best to rightly interpret the author's meaning.

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Miss Olga Nethersole has been doing enormous business in the Provinces with the "Transgressor." The Liverpool papers have been coming out with column notices. She goes to America to star, and opens this month at Daly's Theatre, New York. There she intends to play Juliet, among other parts. She returns to England after a few months, and will then give us Prosper Merimée's "Carmen," which is being adapted for her.

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A great discussion is raging as to the worth or unreliability of first night criticisms. Mr. Clement Scott is all for notices fresh and hot, but he is finding many sturdy opponents to his advocacy of his cause. Though many of us may not always agree with all Mr. Scott says ; yet any opinion coming from one so experienced in the art of dramatic criticism as he is is always received with the respect due to it and him.

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# Puzzledom

## 148. A Charade.

My first is valued more than gold,  
Because 't is seldom found;  
Many there be the name that hold  
With whom 't is nought but sound.  
My second skims the swelling flood,  
And noble is its air;  
It oft has witness'd sights of blood  
And moments of despair.  
My whole 'mid life's distressing cares,  
Is solace sweet and kind;  
Happy who call the blessing theirs,  
But few that blessing find.

## 149. Transposition.

In my first you do behold,  
An animal that is sometimes bold;  
Reverse me and you then will find  
A substance that to wood is kind;  
Transpose me and you will bring to view,  
The cause of trade and commerce too.

## 150. Numerical Enigma.

My 6, 7, 3 mean eager,  
My 3, 4, 5, 8 are an insect,  
My 3, 1, 2, 9 are an allowance in weight,  
My whole is a vegetable of 9 letters.

## Conundrums.

151. Why is a nobleman like a book?
152. What is it a coach cannot go without, yet is of no use to the coach or passengers?
153. Why is opening a letter a very strange way to enter a room?
154. What is that which nobody wants yet nobody likes to lose?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th October. Competitions should be addressed "October Puzzles," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

## ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES.

141. "In Langdale Pikes and Witches' Lair,  
And Dungeon Ghyll, so foully pent  
With rope of rock and bells of air,  
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent  
Who all give back one after t'other  
The death note of their living brother."

142. *Soup.*  
*Ogle.*  
*Ulan.*  
*Pens.*

143. *An almanac.*

144. *A coro-net.*

145. *A hole in a stocking.*

146. *His foot.*

147. *Grow old.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our August Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—C. Buxton, 15, Eaton Place, London, S.W.; Miss W. Dangerfield, 23, Acton Lane, Harlesden, London, N.W.; Rev. Canon Hayes, Omagh, co. Tyrone; G. Arthur, 13, Denbigh Street, London, S.W.; F. Jones, Marden Ash, Ongar, Essex.

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